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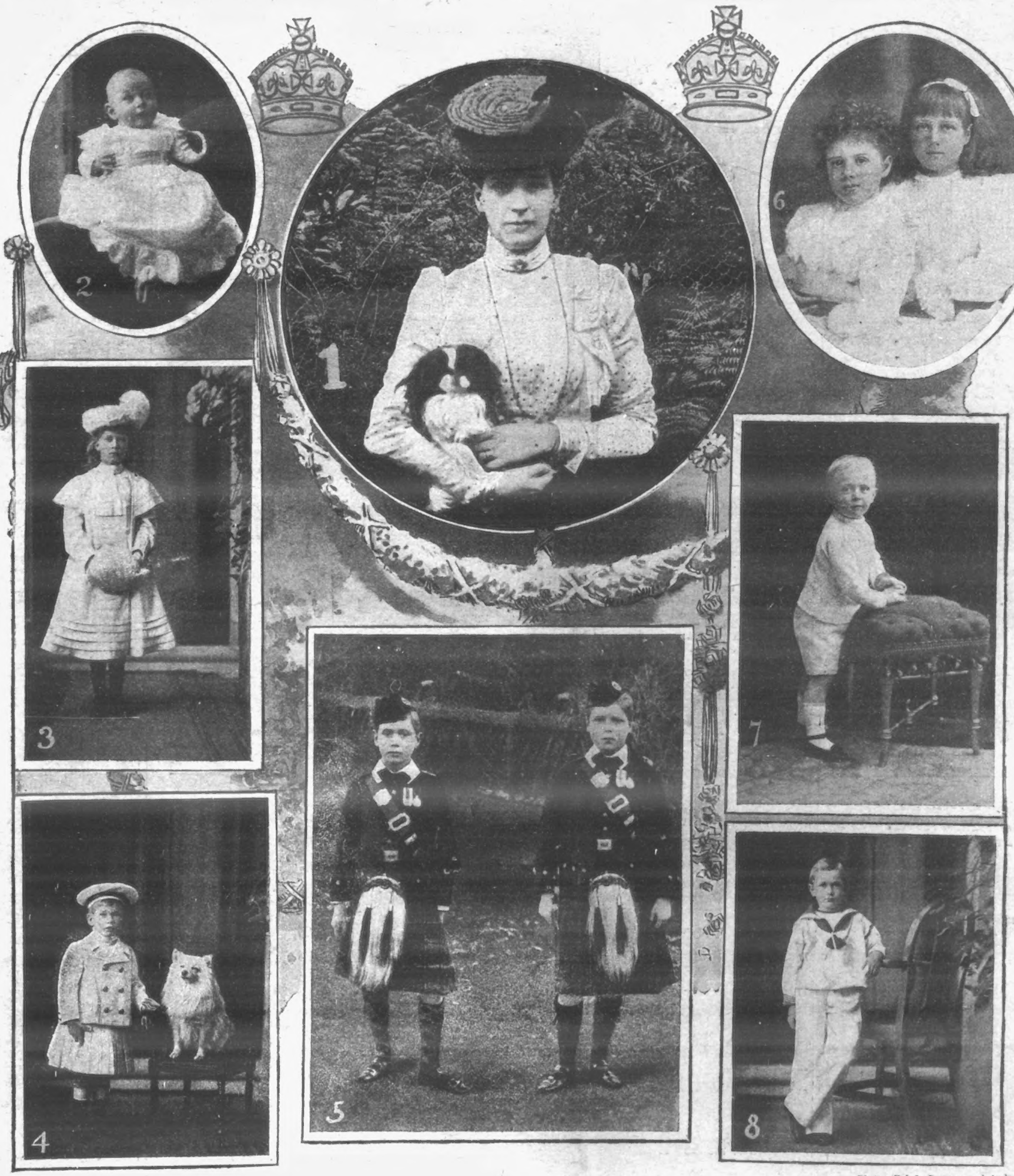
A great children's party is to be given at Sandringham in honour of little Prince Olaf, and on December 1st Her Majesty the Queen, who is never so happy as when she has all her grandchildren gathered around her, celebrates the anniversary of her birthday.



Photos, Ralph, Downey, and Anderson.

1. The most recent portrait of the Queen, taken at Sandringham. **2.** Prince John of Wales. **3.** Princess Mary of Wales. **4.** Prince George of Wales. **5.** Princes Edward and Albert of Wales. **6.** Princesses Alexandra and Maud, daughters of the Princess Royal. **7.** Little Prince Olaf of Norway. **8.** Prince Henry of Wales.

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Eye-strain, which affects so many brain-workers, is the cause of brain-fag, headache, and other troubles. Eye-strain shows itself by blurring of sight and pain of the eyes followed by other evils. All sufferers should immediately send postcard to STEPHEN GREEN, 210, Lambeth Road, London, for his most interesting and useful booklet, "How to Preserve the Eyesight." It tells of SINGLETON'S EYE OINTMENT, a cure for eye-strain and all other eye troubles, and has 300 years' reputation. Supplied in ancient pedestal pots for 2/- by Chemists & Stores.

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Saved by the Punkah.

A desperate attempt to murder Mr. Napier, the Deputy-Commissioner of Kaipur, Central Provinces, was made by a native recently.

The Commissioner was playing bridge at the Chattisgarh Club when a native stepped into the room and aimed a violent blow with a knife at Mr. Napier's neck from behind. Luckily the frill of the punkah struck the man's head and changed the direction of the blow, so that Mr. Napier received only a serious cut below the right ear.

Two other men and a lady were playing bridge with Mr. Napier, and another man was looking on at the game, and there were other people in the room at the time, but so sudden was the attack that the native got away before the players realised what had happened.

Later, however, the man was captured, and turned out to be a notorious criminal who had the day before been bound over by the Deputy-Commissioner to keep the peace and released on bail. He had threatened murder if the case went against him.

His sureties have now withdrawn, and he has been sentenced to rigorous imprisonment for a year and to three years' ordinary imprisonment.

Chief Mahatma of India: His Holiness Agamya Guru Paramahansa, the Indian philosopher, who is now in London in search of converts to the simple life. He has forsaken all riches, has millions of followers in India, and possesses the power to simulate death.

The Little White Spot.

If you look at the title of your favourite newspaper, the chances are that you will find a white spot in it, perhaps more than one. Many people have noticed this mark, and put all manner of interpretations upon it (says a writer in *Cassell's Saturday Journal*). But its significance is simple—it merely shows which machine any copy was printed upon, that the responsibility for bad work may be brought home to the right employee. The code used varies, but, obviously, one can easily be arranged. Supplementary dots, if any exist, may indicate editions or some other detail.

Suicide by Compact.

Major Pfleger, commanding the Pioneer Battalion at Esseg, and his wife have been found shot through the heart in their lodging.

The major lay at his wife's feet, one hand holding a revolver, and the other clasping one of his wife's hands. A letter on the table stated that both had decided to commit suicide because the major had failed to obtain promotion to the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

Frau Pfleger, who wrote the letter, stated that her husband declared he had not courage to shoot her himself, so that she had decided to place a bullet in her own heart while holding his hand, and that he would then commit suicide with the same revolver.

Particularly Interesting People.

SOME MEN AND WOMEN OF THE WEEK.

Lost in the Alps for Twenty days.

A Turin lawyer, who had been lost in a snowstorm in the Simplon Pass on October 30th, was discovered by workmen last Sunday in a hut near the hospice.

He was in the final stages of exhaustion, brought on by starvation, and explained that he had been living chiefly on snow, straw, and the leather of his boots. He was unable to reach the hospice owing to the failure of his strength.

The workmen carried him to the hospice, where he received every attention, but he died soon after his arrival.

Robbed their Hostess.

The Russian Polish landowner, Countess Poninska, was robbed of £2,500 in notes and gold and of family jewels worth many times that amount.

Two well-dressed cyclists asked for shelter at the Castle Sapozyn late in the evening, stating they had lost their way. The Countess treated them with every hospitality, and had rooms prepared for them.

During the night they entered the Countess's bedroom, and, under threat of death, forced her to hand over the money and jewels. They then made their escape on their bicycles.

Both were captured as they were trying to cross the frontier into Austrian territory, and the booty was recovered. The men had in their possession accurate plans of the castles occupied by the Countess, by Prince Wolkonski, and by Prince Sangusko, all in Russian Poland.

WHICH IS WHICH: The Prince of Wales bears a wonderful resemblance to his Royal relative, the Tsar. In the above photo the likeness is strongly shown.

A Plague of Crocodiles.

The Pushkar Lake, near Ajmer, one of the most famous places of Hindu pilgrimage in India, is gradually being silted up.

It is also infested with crocodiles, which have become a source of great danger to the ceremonial bathers, who have to be guarded with sticks while in the water.

As the shooting or killing of animals in Pushkar is against religious principles, it is proposed to remove the crocodiles, of which there are said to be about 200, to the sea, or to the Ganges.

The lake became silted up in the twelfth century, and was restored at the cost of many thousands of pounds by Rajah Nahar, Rao of Marwar. It is now proposed that the work of restoration should be carried out by the State of Rajputana, or by a local committee of Hindus in co-operation with the authorities. It will cost about £15,000.

Youthful Traveller.

Although he is only fourteen years old, William Charles Garrett has managed to see much of the world.

He was charged on Monday at the Highgate Police-court with stealing £6 10s. 6d. from his mother, who is a widow and who lives in Harringay Grove, Hornsey. Mrs. Garrett said that she sent him out on November 12th to get a postal order to pay her rent, and she heard no more of him until he came home on Friday night last. He told her that during his absence he had visited a sister, who is in an orphanage at Bristol, and another sister, who is a Salvation Army slum worker, at Edinburgh.

A detective said that the boy was sent from Dr. Barnado's Homes to Canada, where employment was found for him on a farm. He ran away from the farm, taking with him the farmer's revolver, and walked 400 miles to Montreal, where he secured a berth on a steamship as a "cattleman," and worked his passage home, arriving a few weeks ago.

He was remanded to the workhouse for a week.

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How to Acquire a Perfect Figure 330
Should Women Ride Astride? 332

Attempt to Kill the Pope.

An Anarchist outrage without precedent occurred in St. Peter's on Sunday morning, on the anniversary of the dedication of the basilica, when a bomb filled with nails was exploded near the high altar, immediately after the conclusion of High Mass.

The bomb was evidently intended for the Pope, who had attended the Mass, and was in the sacristy at the time. It is believed that the author of the outrage miscalculated the time of the explosion, which was consequently delayed, probably saving the life of the Pope, as well as those of his attendants.

On returning to his own apartment the Pope is reported to have said: "We are going through sad times. May God enlighten the misguided creatures!"

The Kaiser's Little Troubles.

All is not well with the Kaiser and the hundred and one little kingdoms and princedoms over which he holds sway. His annoyance has reached the "telegraphic" stage in two instances. A long wire demanding explanation has been sent to Prince Hohenlohe for publishing revelations concerning his relations with Bismarck, and now matters are coming to a head over the Brunswick succession. This controversy (says *The Bystander*) has been re-opened by the death of Prince Albrecht of Prussia, Regent of the Duchy of Brunswick. The heir, the Duke of Cumberland, cannot succeed owing to his refusal to give up the throne of Hanover. According to a Regency law passed in 1879, if the legitimate heir is prevented from ascending the throne, a Regency Council must be instituted. The Duke of Cumberland has offered to renounce both his own claim and that of his eldest son, if his youngest son is allowed to succeed. This solution, however, does not meet with the approval of His Imperial Majesty, and matters are now at a deadlock. The Duke of Cumberland is a great-grandson of George III., and married Princess Thyra of Denmark, Queen Alexandra's sister. His son, Prince George of Cumberland, around whom the dispute centres, is an officer in the Austrian Army.

The Pope: Upon whose life an attempt was made at St. Peter's on Sunday morning.

FIVE THEATRICAL SENSATIONS FROM THE WEEK'S NEWS.

LA BELLE OTERO—ROMANTIC COURTSHIP.

La Belle Otero, the famous dancer, known wherever music-halls exist, is to be married in a fortnight's time to Mr. René Webb, a wealthy Englishman.

"Last August I was playing at Buenos Aires," she told a representative of the Paris *Journal*, "and Mr. Webb, who has cotton mills in America and in England, obtained an introduction to me.

"Soon he told me that he had adored me for four years, ever since he first saw my photograph. 'Now that I see you as you really are,' he cried, 'I adore you more than ever, and I place my fortune at your feet.' I refused his love and his fortune because I loved another. He took it tragically, and told me that he was going to kill himself.

"'Don't do that,' I cried; 'it would be stupid.' You know, if all the men who love me and whom I can't love were to kill themselves, there would have to be a great graveyard specially for them.

"To sum up, Mr. Webb paid me ardent attentions. He offered me splendid jewels, and I took them to please him. Then I came back to France, and forgot to think of him again.

"This morning who should call on me but he? He renewed his offers. I resisted. He insisted. I got angry. Then, very pale, he cried. 'Why won't you marry me?' 'Ah, no,' I said; 'I wasn't meant to be domesticated.'

"I told Mr. Webb that I didn't want to leave Paris, that I wanted to stay on the stage, and so on. I gave him a full list of my failings. I'm sure he was mad, for he wanted to marry me all the same. I told him that my hotel bill wasn't paid. He insisted on paying it. I told him I had a little sister whom I wanted to set up in the world. He promised to do it. I said that I had many jewels, but not much money. He undertook to make a settlement. It was great love, true love. Touched by all the proofs of his affection, I said 'Yes' at last.

"Without wasting an instant, he telephoned to my solicitor, and an hour later the contract was signed. It is all over. I have signed the contract. I am engaged. They are going to publish the banns, and in a fortnight, first at the British Consulate and then at church, I am to be married."

Asked what her *fiancé* was like, the dancer said, "He is thin, clean-shaven, *très chic*, a man of the world, and a perfect gentleman. But, all the same, isn't it funny that I should be going to be married? Still, I feel that in signing the contract I did something of immense import."

Mme. CALVE TO MARRY A BLIND MAN.

Mme. Calvé, the famous prima donna, is about to make a romantic marriage.

A prominent American gentleman, well known in Paris, has made a practice for several years of attending every performance in which the celebrated singer has appeared. A few months ago he became afflicted with a disease of the optic nerve, which left no hope that his sight could be saved.

He informed the prima donna of the calamity, and she was filled with pity for his misfortune. She went to see him, and made many subsequent visits to cheer him. The acquaintance thus insensibly developed into love.

Mme. Calvé constantly visited him up to the time when the doctors declared his vision to be permanently lost, and when he asked her to marry him she consented—promising him that, though he could not see her, he should always hear her voice.

The wedding is to be celebrated shortly, and afterwards the couple will leave for a yachting cruise in the Mediterranean. They will take with them a small orchestra of musicians, who will take part with Mme. Calvé in frequent concerts for the entertainment of the blind bridegroom.

Mme. Calvé is now *en route* for her country seat in the south of France to make her final preparations for the wedding.

Signor Caruso, the famous tenor, who has been arrested in New York on a sensational charge.

"OWEN HALL," LTD.

Mr. Owen Hall, the successful author of musical comedies, has turned himself into a limited liability company.

"Owen Hall (Limited)" has just been registered with a capital of £12,000, primarily to produce his works. Prince Victor Dhuleep Singh, Sir James Home, Bart., Mr. Cecil Raleigh, who is responsible for many successful melodramas, and Mr. Hall himself are the directors of the company.

A West-End theatre will be taken by the company, and plays—usually, but not necessarily, by Mr. Hall—will be produced.

Mr. Hall, whose real name is James Davis, was once a solicitor, but abandoned the law in favour of musical comedies. He is the author of "A Gaiety Girl," "An Artist's Model," "The Geisha," "A Greek Slave," "Florodora," "The Silver Slipper," "The Girl from Kay's," and "The Medal and the Maid," all of which had long runs.

Sgr. CARUSO ARRESTED IN A MONKEY-HOUSE.

The one great topic in New York is the arrest of Signor Caruso at the Central Park Zoological Gardens.

Signor Caruso is suffering from nervous collapse in consequence of the charges made against him by a plain-clothes policeman. His friends declare that it is an unfortunate case of mistaken identity, and that the singer will have no difficulty in clearing himself when the case is taken before a police magistrate on Wednesday.

According to the accepted version of the affair, Signor Caruso, after visiting a friend on Friday afternoon, walked through Central Park, and stopped for a few minutes in the monkey-house of the Zoo.

Plain-clothes Policeman Kane, who was on duty there especially for the purpose of protecting women and girls from the undesirable attentions of a certain class of men, alleges that he immediately recognised Signor Caruso as a person whom he ejected from the building in 1905 for offending several young ladies.

The policeman consequently followed Signor Caruso until, according to his own statements, he obtained unmistakable evidence that the singer was again behaving in an objectionable manner.

While being taken to the police-station Signor Caruso screamed and fought his captors so that two other policemen were summoned to help them. The singer cried repeatedly: "It's a horrible mistake! I am Enrico Caruso, the great Caruso! The whole world knows me! You must not lock me up!"

He added that one of the monkeys must have pinched the woman, not he.

His protestations had no effect on the police, and, after being charged at the station, he was literally thrown into a cell.

For a time Signor Caruso raved like a madman, but when he was calmer the police finally induced him to write a note to Mr. Conried, the manager of the Metropolitan Opera House, which was delivered by a policeman.

Mr. Conried hurried to the station, and gave bail in £100 for his appearance at court. Signor Caruso went home to bed, and is now absolutely isolated, by order of his physicians, who say that he is suffering from sciatica as well as the shock consequent on his arrest.

A storm of indignation has been raised against Mr. Conried for his indiscreet declaration that it was "absurd, for a man like Caruso could have the attentions of any woman of any class that he desired, and that he needn't go to the Zoo."

Blacksmith's Songs Fetch £320 a Night: "The New York Herald" states that M. Roussoliere, who, until comparatively recently, was a poor village blacksmith in France, has just received a six months' contract from a New York manager to sing at from four or five concerts a week at a nightly salary of £320.

Photo, Boissonas.

LA BELLE OTERO: The famous Spanish dancer, who is about to marry a wealthy Englishman as a result of his persistent wooing.

His Majesty's "Coals of Fire."

Not every author who binds a presentation copy in attractive vellum finds his literary bantling added to the shelves of the Royal library. But the King is remarkably indulgent in these matters (says a writer in *Cassell's Saturday Journal*). A few weeks ago a vivacious Frenchman compiled a volume of audacious caricatures of *le roi Edouard*, and had the temerity to send a copy to Lord Knollys. No one could have been more astonished than he when he received a reply, saying: "His Majesty is happy to accept the copy of your work which you have forwarded."

Photo, Ellis & Walery.

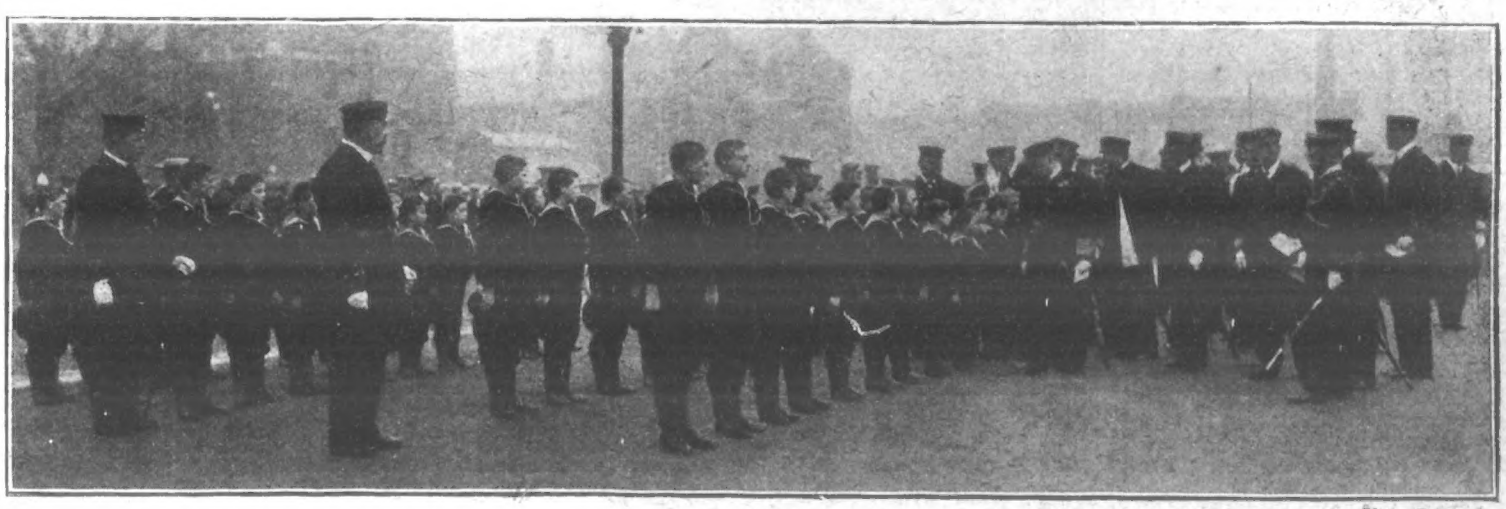
Owen Hall Ltd.: Mr. James Davis (Owen Hall), who has formed a company for the production of his musical comedies.

The Great Lone Land.

In an article entitled "Mapping Earth's Waste Places (appearing in this week's *Penny Magazine*) we are told strange stories of the intrepid explorers of to-day. For instance, there is not a more stirring story in the modern history of travel than that of Colonel A. H. MacHahon, who has recently completed the survey of the boundaries between Afghanistan and Persia. A great part of the way lay through absolutely waterless and unknown desert, and the work cost us the lives of no fewer than fifty men out of the 1,500 who devoted two and a half years to the arduous work. During the last winter but one all the jackals and wolves, with which the country abounds, went mad, and attacked men and animals. Four members of the mission were bitten, and one died raving. Then, one terrible night, a mad wolf ran amok in the camp. A frightful blizzard, with wind blowing at 120 miles an hour, was raging, and during its progress the demented animal raged about the camp. Before it could be dispatched it bit seventy-eight camels and one horse. The horse and forty-eight of the camels died of hydrophobia.

Photo, Imper'.

Mme. Calve, whose romantic marriage-story is related on this page.



Photo, Russell.

PROMISING YOUNG TARS: An inspection of the boys of the Naval Brigade at Portsmouth last week.

THE "MARGATE" OF ANCIENT ROME.

Excavating the Treasures of the Ancient Summer Resort of Herculaneum.

At an estimated cost of £40,000 a year, Herculaneum, the great summer resort of Ancient Rome, is to be the scene of further excavations. The Central Commission of Antiquities and Fine Arts, sitting at Rome, has just accepted Professor Waldstein's proposal for foreign participation in the excavation, the Professor, on behalf of England and Germany, having agreed to the guarantee asked for by the Commission, with the view to safeguarding the dignity of Italy. Work is to commence at once.

Herculaneum, where the wealthy citizens of Ancient Rome used to spend their Saturday to Monday, was buried at the same time as the cities of Pompeii and Stabiæ, in the terrible eruption of Vesuvius which occurred in the year 17 A.D.

It now lies at a depth from 40ft. to 100ft. below the surface, and is filled up and covered with volcanic matter composed of a mixture of sand and ashes, bound together with water, which makes the work of excavation doubly difficult.

Many interesting treasures have already been dug up out of the city. In 1706, on the occasion of deepening a well, fragments of mosaics were first brought up; but little was done for systematic excavation till 1738, when explorations were commenced under Royal authority. It was then discovered that the building near the bottom of the well, from which the first relics were obtained, was the theatre. This building was forthwith explored and cleared, and several statues, both in bronze and marble, were extracted from it. The theatre has eighteen rows of stone seats, and could accommodate 8,000 persons.

Herculaneum, where the wealthy citizens of Ancient Rome used to spend their Saturday to Monday, was buried at the same time as the cities of Pompeii and Stabiæ, in the terrible eruption of Vesuvius which occurred in the year 17 A.D.

Amongst the various art treasures which have been found from time to time, and which are far more valuable and interesting than those found at Pompeii, are the statues of Æschines, Agrippina, the Sleeping Faun, the Six Actresses, Mercury, the group of the Satyr and the Goat, the busts of Plato, Scripio Africanus, Augustus, Seneca, Demosthenes, etc. These treasures, together with such vases and domestic implements as have been found, are on view at the National Museum at Naples.

Part of the Forum, with its colonnades, a colonnade (mistaken at first for a basilica), two small temples, and a villa have also been discovered; and from these buildings many beautiful statues and remarkable paintings have been obtained.

New Zealand International Exhibition.

This exhibition promises to be one of the largest and most successful ever held in any of our colonies. The exhibition buildings have been erected in Hagley Park, a large public recreation ground consisting of several hundred acres adjoining the prosperous cathedral city of Christchurch, in the provincial district of Canterbury.

The Imperial Government, the Governments of the Dominion of Canada, the States of the Australian Commonwealth are sending a large number of carefully selected exhibits. The art exhibits which are being sent out from this country include paintings and sculpture from some of the most eminent artists.

The exhibition by itself is well worthy of a visit, and then, in addition, the tourist will have the opportunity of visiting the many scenic and other attractions of the islands of New Zealand with its great Alpine ranges and wonderful thermal springs.

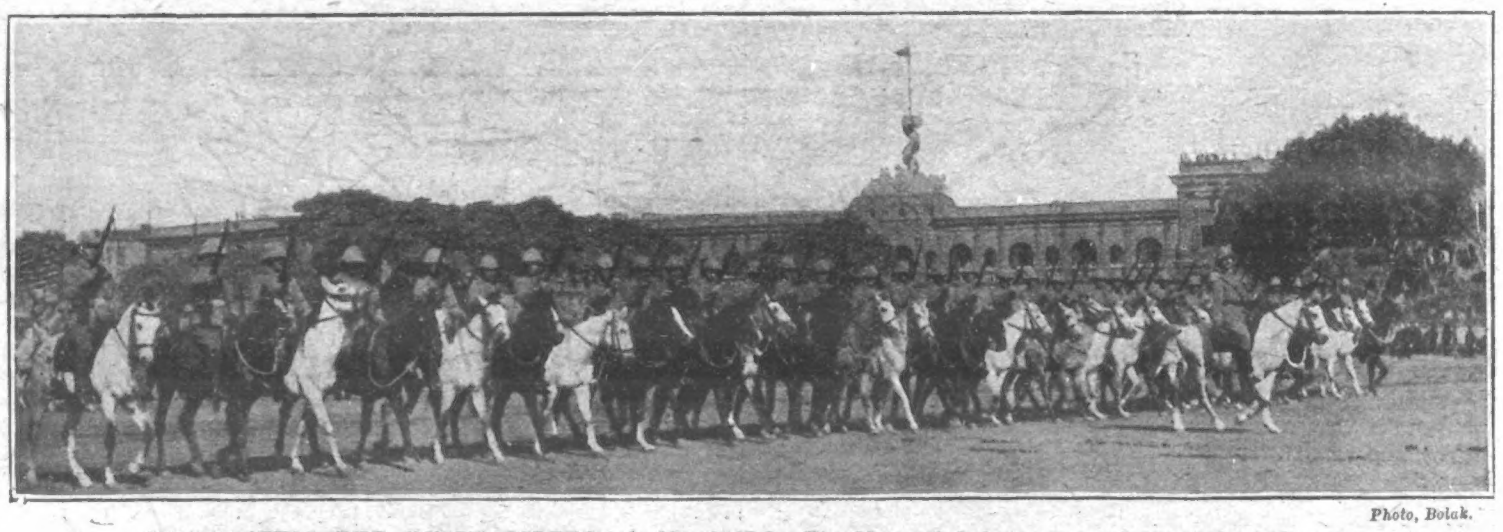
Anyone, therefore, in this country intending to be away during the winter and enjoy the brighter skies and more genial temperature of the New Zealand summer, should ask the High Commissioner for New Zealand (13, Victoria Street, London), for further particulars of the exhibition and the country in which it is being held.

Christmas Cards.

"Father Tuck's" Christmas box of cards, calendars, books, and booklets is a wonderful index to what is now in store for the admiration of the Christmas card buyer. Messrs. Tuck set themselves a very high ideal in the seasonable productions associated with their name, which for long has stood for what is best in all work of this kind. This season the firm have succeeded in improving on the past, and present the public with a marvellous assortment of cards, comprising, it is stated, no fewer than 4,000 distinct designs. Calendars of 400 different sorts are also in the hands of the trade, most of which are gems of art printing. Other novelties are untearable books for children, sets of cardboard figures, "Mechanical Animals" they are called, which are constructed to be moved into lifelike attitude, and a distinct attraction for the Christmas party, known as half masks, which bid fair to oust the "paper hat" as an article of "adornment." Messrs. Tuck announce a picture postcard competition in 1,260 prizes, totalling £6,666. The conditions of competition are simple, and collectors of Tuck's picture postcards should make inquiry for details, which may be had post free from Raphael House, E.C.

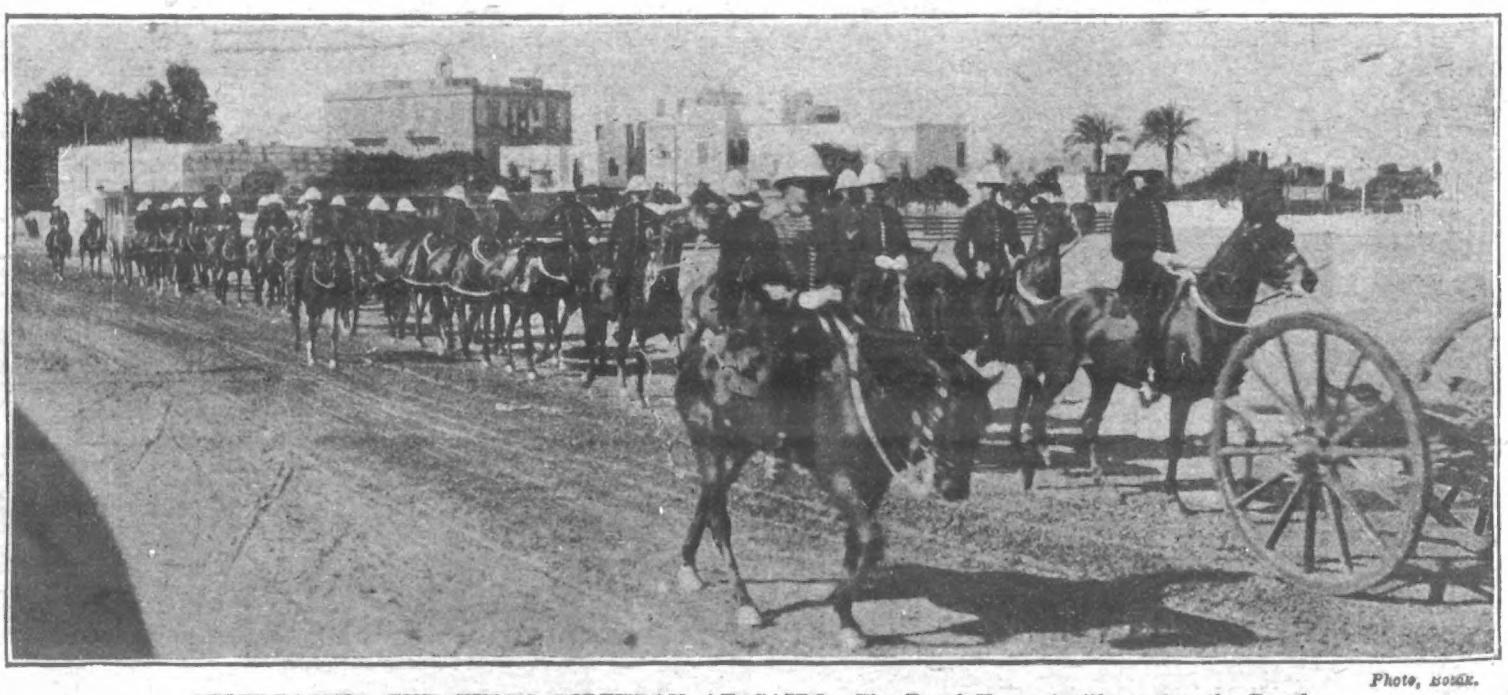
Our Army Abroad.

Snapshots of the King's Birthday Parade at Cairo.



Photo, Bolak.

CELEBRATING THE KING'S BIRTHDAY AT CAIRO: The Mounted Infantry marching past Lord Cromer.



Photo, Bolak.

CELEBRATING THE KING'S BIRTHDAY AT CAIRO: The Royal Horse Artillery after the Parade.

WHAT A PRETTY FACE CAN DO.

THE RECENT WHIRLWIND OF WRECK, RUIN, AND DISASTER WHICH HAS FOLLOWED THE ENCHANTING WILES OF SIX FASCINATING WOMEN.

("P.I.P." Special.)

[Below will be found details of the dramatic dramas from real life revolving round the enchanting wiles of six fascinating women.]

MODERN MISTLETOE BOUGH.

An occurrence, almost unexampled for pathos and horror, has taken place at the country house of Herr von Kameler, in Transylvania. Herr von Kameler's only daughter, Charlotte, who was for some time on the stage (acting under the name of Mlle. Kouzmina), was betrothed to the eldest son of a neighbouring landowner.

Three days before the intended wedding a large party of friends and neighbours assembled in the house, among them being a young officer named Schwartz, who had unsuccessfully sought the girl's hand. Late in the evening the guests began to play hide-and-seek, two persons hiding at the same time in different places. Charlotte and Schwartz went to hide together. But the searchers found neither, and gaiety turned to consternation when the suspicion arose in all minds that the pair had eloped. The whole countryside was searched, and the police warned to stop the fugitives, but without result. Three days later Schwartz, alone, reappeared at the Chateau. The indignant father demanded his child, but received to his amazement the reply, "The last time I saw her she was about to hide in a secret cupboard in the old west wing." The terror-stricken father rushed to the hiding-place, where he found Charlotte's dead body. In closing the door she had brought down on her head a heavy box, which had crushed her skull. When Schwartz was asked why he had left the house so suddenly he admitted that he had asked her to break her engagement and fly with him. On her refusal, he stated, he had returned in desperation to Vienna. Later Schwartz blew out his brains.

COUNT SHOT DEAD BY A PRINCE.

A telegram from Warsaw states that Prince Petroff has shot and killed Count Baradtzeff as the result of a heated argument concerning Mlle. Rocoska, *première danseuse* at the Royal Opera, Warsaw, who some time ago disappeared suddenly and entered a convent in Galicia. At the time it was generally known that a love affair led the actress to abandon her profession, it being common knowledge that her life was rendered miserable by the unwelcome attention of the Prince and the Count, she herself all the time being madly in love with an officer of humble rank, who was, however, unfortunately, already married.

"DUCHESS OF BIRMINGHAM."

Ruin and despair has been spread broadcast among many humble families in the Russian town of Samara by a pretty female Munchausen, who styled herself "rightful Duchess of Birmingham." For during the three months while her stories were believed she borrowed large sums from families in comparatively humble circumstances, who could ill afford to lose the money. It was the adventuress's pretty face and fascinating manner which unloosed the purse-strings of her new-found friends.

Vera Abramoff, for such was her right name, arrived in Samara from abroad with a pitiful tale of woe. The wealthy Duke of Birmingham, she declared, an intimate friend of King Edward, had married her in London, and after three months repudiated the marriage on the ground that she was not a British subject. After flinging a £100 note in her face, he had turned her out of his "palace in Piccadilly" and forbidden her to enter it again. The pretty "duchess's" pathetic tale moved all hearts, and loud denunciations were heard of the brutal English milord's ways. A subscription was raised in order to contest the validity of the marriage in the English courts, and altogether 2,000 roubles found their way into the pockets of the charming victim of British barbarism. Finally a suspicious police official referred to the *Almanach de Gotha*, from which he learnt that "Birmingham had no Duke." The adventuress, however, brazened it out, and declared that her husband had been "made a Duke to celebrate the annexation of Thibet." Unfortunately, the obdurate policeman refused to believe this story, and the "Duchess of Birmingham" now languishes in Samara gaol.

BEAUTY AND "THE BEASTS."

The beautiful face of a twenty-three-year-old girl has blighted the prospects of her four elder sisters, the daughters of Senhor Pedro Teixeira Cunha, one of the wealthiest of Lisbon's merchants, who died recently at Coimbra.

By his will Senhor Cunha disinherited the four children of his

(Continued on Next Page.)

1. Charlotte von Kameler (A modern Mistletoe Bough).

2. Mlle. Rocoska (Count shot dead by a Prince).

3. Vera Abramoff ("Duchess of Birmingham").

4. Senhorita Margherita Cunha (Beauty and "the Beasts").

5. Senhorita Manuela Sanchez (The Beauty of Andalusia).

6. Mlle. Jeanne Renee (The Beautiful Spy).

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

FOOTBALL.

To Scotland has gone the credit of being the first to lower the colours of the South African team, and there was not a man among the 40,000 who saw the match but admitted that victory went to the better side. Of course, the wet state of the ground at Hampden Park was more favourable to the Scots than to the Africans, despite the fact that the tourists have shown themselves to be far better performers on soft turf than we were led to believe when they arrived over here.

Six points to nil was the margin at the close of a strenuous game—so strenuous, indeed, that four of the Africans were more or less injured, Marsburg being temporarily "knocked out," Mare breaking some bones in his left hand, but continuing to play, Brink having his left foot badly hurt, while Stegmann, the flying three-quarter, had an injury to his ribs. Mare's case is so bad that he may not be able to play again during the tour.

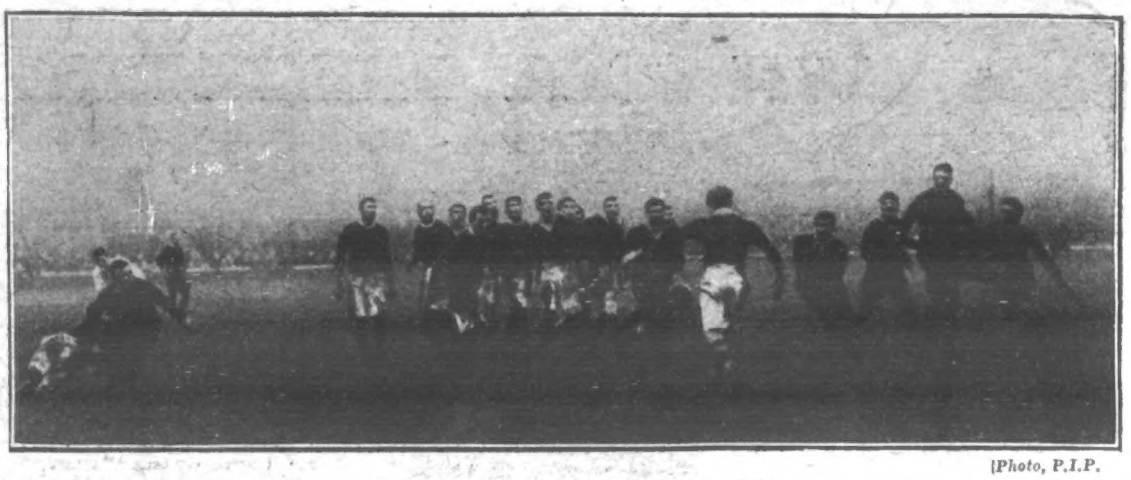
The score was made up of two tries gained by K. McLeod and Purses respectively. The Cambridge three-quarter fairly brought the house down with his effort, which was regarded by many of the onlookers as one of the finest tries ever obtained. Where the winners excelled was in the pack. The Scottish forwards knew that if they let the ball become loose too often that the chances of the Africans would be the greater, seeing that the three-quarters of the tourists have shown such wonderful scoring powers. Therefore, the home pack wheeled the "scrum" in characteristic fashion, and on the break-up of the pack they dribbled closely and effectively. The Africans took their defeat philosophically, and altogether like good sportsmen.

Saturday's matches in the first division of the League leaves matters as they were, so far as the leaders are concerned. It is worthy of note that only three home teams were defeated, Bury going under to Bolton Wanderers at Gigg's Lane by 3 goals to 2, Manchester City to Sheffield United by 2 goals to nil, and Derby County to Aston Villa by 1 goal to nil. There was nothing particularly startling in the defeat of Bury, who have been doing none to well of late, and the Wanderers have so far only lost a couple of matches.

Everton were too good for Blackburn Rovers, and they retained the headship of the League by 2 goals to nil., while Newcastle United, second in order of merit, disposed of Liverpool by a similar margin. Sheffield Wednesday, the third in the table, entertained Manchester United at Owlerton, and beat them by 5 goals to 2.

Woolwich Arsenal had Stoke for opponents at Plumstead, and the men from the Potteries gave them a really excellent game, being only beaten by 2 goals to 1. The Arsenal's victory would probably have been more pronounced but for bad luck in front of goal, for, during the game, their forwards, particularly Neave and Satterthwaite, kept just missing the goal in very tantalising fashion. However, the Arsenal just managed to gain the points, though their goal average did not receive any great assistance from the win.

Sheffield Wednesday are holding their position very well. Of the dozen matches they have played they have won seven, lost three, and drawn two. Their latest match was with Manchester United, whom they beat by 5 goals to 2. Aston Villa brought yet another surprise by winning at the Baseball ground, Derby, the County being defeated—1 goal to nil. Another upset in the series was the overthrow of Notts County by Middlesbrough at Teeside, the "Lambs" being victorious by two clear goals. It seems incredible that with the talent they have at command they should be at the bottom of the table.



Photo, P.I.P.

HOW SCOTLAND BEAT THE 'BOKKEN: At Hampden Park, Glasgow, last Saturday, Scotland beat the South Africans by 6 points to nil.

Photo, P.I.P.

HURT IN THE HUNTING FIELD: Lord Dalmeny, son of Lord Rosebery, the popular county cricketer, was severely injured while riding with the Pytchley Hounds last week.

Birmingham and Preston North End, are a couple of teams who have not played up to the promise of their earlier matches. The win of the former over Sunderland by 2 goals to nil, is, however, suggestive of better things, and the victory of the North End club over Bristol City at Deepdale was an achievement of merit, the victory being gained by 3 goals to 1.

In the second division, Chelsea managed to beat Leeds City by one goal, but the other London club, Clapton Orient, went under to Burslem Port Vale, on the latter's ground, the margin in favour of the Staffordshire club being 3 goals to 2.

What a Pretty Face Can Do.

(*Continued from previous page.*)

first two marriages, leaving every penny he possessed to his youngest daughter, Margherita, the child of his third wife.

"Being remarkably handsome when I was a child," said Senhor Cunha in his will, "I hated ugliness with a nervous, overmastering horror. I screamed when I had an ugly nurse, and ran away from school owing to the hideousness of the fat German who taught me English. To ensure having beautiful children—the great aim of my life—I married for beauty, not for love. My two children, alas! turned out plain to the point of hideousness. After my first wife's death, I married again a woman of remarkable beauty. Two more children, as ugly as sin, were added to my family. I despaired. But Providence was merciful. When my second wife died, I determined to marry a plain woman. I commissioned my notary to find me a healthy but plain-faced woman of the people. The marriage was a complete success. A year afterwards I was presented with a beautiful infant, who is now growing into a vision of loveliness."

This "infant" is, of course, Senhorita Margherita Cunha, whose photograph appears on page 325.

"BEAUTY OF ANDALUSIA."

A Spanish gentleman, of Granada, adopted the baby daughter of a friend who died fifteen years ago. The little girl's foster-father was then a very young man, and, when his own wife died two years later, all his affections became centred on the beautiful little girl, who, as she grew up, became known as "the beauty of Andalusia." Her guardian's affections changed, almost without his perceiving it, from paternal love to that of a man for a beautiful maiden. Probably he would never have noticed this change had not Manuela made the acquaintance of a handsome hussar officer. The young couple fell in love with each other at first sight, but did not inform the girl's guardian of it. One day he returned home and found Manuela in the arms of her handsome lover. Mad with jealousy, her foster-father drew his revolver and killed the girl on the spot. He then told his rival that he wished to fight him honourably, with the sword in his hand. Without seconds the two men fought long and desperately, until the hussar officer fell exhausted by his numerous wounds. Believing him to be dead, the demented guardian then shot himself dead. It is hoped to save the unfortunate officer.

THE BEAUTIFUL SPY.

The beautiful woman, Jeanne Renee, who some time ago was convicted at Toulon of espionage, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment and a fine of £120, has just made a desperate attempt to commit suicide in her cell. Jeanne (who was in the pay of the German War Office) was in the habit of meeting naval and military officers in the opium dens of Toulon, and while they were under the influence of the drug she pumped them with questions, they, fascinated by her beauty, frequently divulging French military and naval secrets of the very highest importance—which were promptly sent to Berlin. As a result of her machinations, numerous French officers were cashiered.

Photo, P.I.P.

HOW SCOTLAND BEAT THE 'BOKKEN: The South Africans met their Waterloo, as those who knew the team best expected they would do, under conditions that were altogether against scientific football. A week's rain had rendered Hampden Park turf very sodden and soft, and the heavy showers that fell just before the start of course increased the difficulties for the Colonials, who have no liking for mud. In the slush and mire they were quite out of their element. On the other hand, the Scots fairly revelled in the mud. They adopted tactics which have often proved effective on wet days. Their forwards took the game into their own hands, leaving the backs to look after themselves. They packed strenuously, broke up quickly, and dribbled very cleverly, and were soon masters of the situation. Some idea of their heroic efforts may be gathered from the fact that the game was in the South African half for fully an hour of the eighty minutes played. The failure of their forwards and the determined rushes of the Scotch front brigade limited their opportunities of attack, but what few chances fell to them were not made the most of.

THE SEASON'S RACING.

Though not producing horses of any exceptional merit, the racing season of 1906 has been decidedly interesting. Some people would say that it has brought too much excitement, for the number of hot favourites that suffered defeat were all too many for the liking of the general followers of racing.

Perhaps the performance of Spearmint, in carrying off the Derby and the Grand Prix de Paris, is the outstanding feature of the year. It is twenty years since an English horse won the Grand Prix, Mr. Vyner's Minting being successful in 1886. We have to go back ten years more to find another winner of the double event, Kister taking the biggest events in France and England in 1876. Only two other instances of the Derby and Grand Prix being won by the same horse are on record, Cremorne winning in 1872, and the mighty Gladiateur in 1865.

Spearmint's victory at Paris completely wiped out the memory of the success of Ob in the Lincolnshire Handicap, the French five-year-old taking the first big race of the year. By the way, while on the subject of French racing, it may be mentioned that the American millionaire, Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, has finished at the head of owners in France with a sum of £49,196 to his credit. A year or two ago he could hardly win a selling race, and it is not a little curious to note that he has won no race of importance with horses of his own breeding, although he has spent vast sums of money on his stud.

The first "classic" race of the season, the Two Thousand Guineas, was taken by Gorgoes, who started at 20 to 1. The One Thousand went to Flair, who was a pronounced favourite, odds being laid on her in a field of a dozen. At the next Newmarket meeting Lally, the Derby favourite, and Thrush, were notable winners, the latter winning like the great horse he subsequently proved himself.

Lally maintained his call in the Derby market up to the actual race, but he stood no chance with Spearmint, who had Picton second to him, and Troutbeck third. Troutbeck himself turned out to be a classic winner, for he carried off the St. Leger, though he was hard pressed by Prince William and Beppo, "heads" only separating the three. Keystone II. took the Oaks, and she would probably have taken the St. Leger also, but she was short of a few gallops in the great Doncaster event. She also took the Coronation Stakes at Ascot. The latter meeting, by the by, will long be remembered, if only for the sensational defeat of Pretty Polly by Bachelor's Button. "The Button," as he was familiarly called, was thought to be lucky at the time, but he was undoubtedly a grand horse over a distance.

Polymelus was another fine performer, and his brilliancy towards the end of the season was the talk of the whole racing world. He took the Duke of York Stakes at Kempton Park, followed by "losing" Gold Riach in the Champion Stakes, and then set the seal on his fame by carrying off the Cambridgeshire with 8st. 10lb. on his back. The other great back-end handicap, the Cesarewitch, went to Mintagon.

Among the successful jockeys W. Higgs has been the leader for many months. He is a splendid judge of pace, and a grand finisher, while he has the advantage over some of his rivals of being able to go to scale at 7st. 6lb. Had Maher been remaining in England till the end of the season—which closes to-morrow—he would undoubtedly have been second, but his departure for America was Madden's opportunity. But Maher's average is the best of the lot.

END OF THE RACING SEASON: Leading Jockeys of 1906.

B. Lynham.

D. Maher.

G. Trigg.

O. Madden.

Higgs.

Wheatley.

H. Randall.

G. McCall.

P.I.P. FARMER AND GARDENER.

Skilled Agricultural Labour.

When it comes to a need for a really skilled workman at one of the various and somewhat unusual tasks one has to employ an elderly man. How is that? Perhaps the reply will strike readers as not quite a full one; but it is a very accurate one, all the same. The reason is that machinery, and machine, and workshop-made implements and appliances have put aside much of the need for skilled handicraft on the farm; such items as corrugated roofing and fencing, wire and iron hurdles and gates, chain harrows, steam thrashers, sack-fillers, and hay and straw elevators have left only such dolt tasks as dung pitching and root pulling, cow milking, and bullock feeding as ordinary routine work on the farm. It is seldom a labourer is asked if he can make a bush harrow, or erect a bullock fence. The simple request, "Go and put up a hoath bullock fence," would puzzle ninety in every hundred. Hoath, or gorse, or furze, or whins, by which several names gorse is known, makes a most impervious fence when put up skilfully. It may be used to shelter bullock or sheep folds, or to enclose a rick yard. When so placed it will temper the wind almost as well as a brick wall. True, it costs next to nothing—the material for it can be found growing on almost every farm. It is only a question of paying the wages of the skilled workman, and that many farmers seem to begrudge. They would rather buy machinery-made fencing so that the landlord can be put to the cost of it some day.

Old-Fashioned Farming.

There are still a few of the good old sort left. We were talking to one of them last week, and the subject of corn growing *versus* grass came up. "My way of thinking is that we farmers should get all out of the land we can," said he; "and I hold with employing plenty of labour on the land. If an acre of grass will carry a cow, an acre under corn and roots will carry two and a half or three, that is my notion! I sow a few tares twice every year, and I grow a good bit of green stall feed; and I also find that with hay and straw chaff mixed with my own crushed oats and pulped roots, my cows milk as well as if I were buying cake and meal for them. As a fact, I buy nothing in the way of feed. Neither have I, up to now, spent any money over artificial manure. My fold-yard dung suits my land, and that is all I need." To the old farmer's remarks we will only add that we ardently concur. Since Colonel North, and Professor Voeckler, and the great experimentalist and money-sinker, Mr. Mechi, to the present date we have watched farming closely, and our one great conclusion is, and has long been, that foolish farmers pay out before they pay in, and that that is the worst class of farming for the land and the labourer, and the best for the hanger-on to the farmer there can be. Decide to break the arable and grazing country into small farms, and put every acre of it under the plough, and it can be done without either scientist or scientific appliance. Dung and labour made these countrysides smile with their beauty once upon a time, and that not so far back. Let us know why it cannot be so again?

Ploughing Matches

The plough-boy finds no time to whistle when he has got his team into line and is waiting for the signal to start the competition. There is a great change in ploughing since the old swing plough, with its wooden beam, was the fashion. Three horses to a double-share plough seems to be the most favoured mode to-day. But it is not ploughing, such as we used to see by the champion ploughmen thirty or forty years ago. Neither is there half the keen interest in the work. We can recollect when the competitors would be seen stopping their teams to step back and pat down some slight unevenness in the new furrow by hand or raise some rather low-lying portion of it. Then would the partisans give advice and keenly show their anxiety over the furrows being a bit too sharp or a shade too much over. They could all plough in those days!

Replies in Brief.

"M." (Hunts).—The seeds you sent are briony; common or local name, greasewort. Refer to Mandrake. Seeds poisonous to us, not so to birds. Root, old-fashioned herbal. Use—given to horses to improve coat. Juice of seeds—used by ploughmen, etc., to comfort sore feet. Colour of root, yellowish; hard, sometimes as large as a large beet.

KEEPING HOMERS.—It will be as well, in the first instance, to be ready to drop a good bit of cash, but the hobby has money in it in the end. Strains are not of such consequence as they are in some breeds. The homing instinct is the valuable asset. It is bred; it is also developed by selection. Mating requires great study. A beginner should join a local homing club, and get to know some of its most keen members. He can then study their methods, both in breeding and rearing and in training. Visits to the cotes of experts afford valuable lessons. Remember that to breed winners you must have parents with character and record. At least, breeders all go by that view, or pedigree would be worthless. DARBY AND JOAN.

ON THE FARM WEEK BY WEEK: The end of an Autumn day.

Miss Malvery's revelations of the horrors of life amongst the very lowest classes of the community in our great cities is one of the most heart-wringing narratives which have ever been written.

"THE SOUL MARKET."

Startling Allegations of Miss Christian Malvery, the talented singer, reciter, and lecturer, who, as an amateur organ-grinder, a factory hand, a waitress, a shop-assistant, and a tramp, has been investigating the horrors of England's "Jungle."

Miss Malvery reveals the fact that Chicago does not stand alone as the purveyor of rotten food. Here in England we have jam and meat factories where the conditions are equally appalling.

("P.I.P." Special.)

The Soul Market. By Olive Christian Malvery. Hutchinson & Co., Paternoster Row, London.

This book of terrible revelations, by Miss Olive Christian Malvery, of the horrors of life amongst the poorest classes of the community in our great cities, will create a sensation in this country equal to that which has been achieved in America by the "Jungle" of Mr. Upton Sinclair. No such out-spoken exposure of the rottenness of much of the life in our own big cities has ever before been published in this country.

Miss Malvery says: "During my sojourn with the poor and outcast at different times, I came upon many . . . horrors, which, if our politicians really cared for the welfare of the people at home, could not exist."

Below will be found some extracts from this heart-wringing narrative. It is to be hoped that the exposure here made will lead to sweeping reforms in many of the matters mentioned.

MISS MALVERY SELLS SWEETS.

By kind permission of Messrs. Hutchinson.

SLAVES IN A CELLAR.

A hideous evil that exists, not only in London, but in many of the large cities in Britain, is the Italian padrone, who brings over numbers of little boys, and keeps them in a state of slavery—treating them like animals, and sending them out into the streets with concertinas and monkeys, to beg. One awful case of slavery of this kind came under my own knowledge, and, through friends, I was able to rescue three unfortunate children who were the slaves of a great brute of a "padrone."

This man kept the boys in a cellar. They had no beds, but slept on a heap of rags cuddled up with the monkeys to keep themselves and the poor beasties warm. If they returned home with less than a shilling each night, the padrone beat them cruelly, and they got no food at all.

That such slavery should be countenanced by English law and the British people is shameful. It is a common story enough to find these tiny child-slaves working their little lives away to keep a hulking brute of a master, who owns them body and soul.

HOW JAM IS MADE.

We were at the factory at seven in the morning, and worked all day, with about ten minutes for food at noon, and about another ten minutes at four, till eight o'clock and after, thus exceeding the working limit allowed by the Factory Act.

There was no place in this factory where the workers could wash their hands, nor were there sanitary arrangements of any description. . . . It was the practice of this particular factory to buy at Covent Garden Market the second, or slightly "off" fruit, which was unsaleable to fruiterers, costermongers, or greengrocers.

Owing to the heat and pressure of packing, the fruit often arrived at the factory in a half-fermenting mass; indeed, so bad was it often, that it was impossible to pick out whole fruit. All we could do was to take up the mess by handfuls, pick out any leaves or stems that were prominent, and throw it into the next basket in a sort of pulp.

MISS MALVERY AS HERSELF.

PUTRID POTTED MEAT.

On one occasion there came into the factory where I worked four enormous wooden cases containing tongues and sheep's hearts, which were mildewed over, and smelt so fearfully that the odour made one physically sick; the whole air was polluted by the smell from these horrid cases, and yet every scrap of that diseased offal was used in the preparation of potted tongues and savouries of different kinds.

In a meat-packing factory, also in London, I saw tongues and pork that came in for pressing and to make brawn, actually in such a decayed condition that they were falling to pieces, and the smell was shocking. . . . . The staff was reinforced in the heavy season by relays of tramps from the gutters and riverside. Their usual bodily condition was offensive and beyond description.

THE MATCH-MAKING SLAVE.

The price that Mrs. R. was paid for her work is the price that rules throughout the trade—2¼d. the gross. Think of it, 288 separate articles, from the drawer to the cover, to be handled for 2¼d. The price is monstrous. Even the deft fingers of this woman could not earn a penny an hour unless she was assisted by her children, and then all she could hope to make was about twopence an hour. Out of this she had to provide fire to dry the boxes, paste for fastening, and hemp to bind the boxes up in parcels when finished, for that is how they must be delivered at the factory.

Then there is the time taken up in carrying the finished work there, the waiting while the parcels are counted and the work examined, and for fresh work to be given out. Mrs. R. was known as a "steady hand." She always returned her work at the time she was asked to do, therefore she obtained regular employment—but what an employment! A veritable life of slavery.

No time for motherhood, affection, or pleasure. Life one continual struggle, with the wolf "Hunger" ever on her very hearthstone. Home a factory, her children human machines, deprived of all that makes child-life rosy and bright, their health undermined by long hours spent in the close confinement of overfull rooms—work, school, and work again till bedtime—that was the daily routine.

MISS MALVERY AS A FLOWER-GIRL.

By kind permission of Messrs. Hutchinson.

MISS CHRISTIAN MALVERY AS AN ORGAN-GRINDER.

By kind permission of Messrs. Hutchinson.

"Organ-pulling is not easy work. After tramping and playing in almost every class of street from Clerkenwell to Chelsea, from 9 a.m. to 8.30 p.m., with only two hours for rest, our earnings amounted to four shillings and fivepence, not a lucrative day's work, one must admit, for two people, with the hire of the organ to be paid for out of the takings."

COUNTER SLAVES.

The chief grievance of the shop assistants may be described as a *standing* one. The Shop Hours Regulation Act sets out that no young person—that is, anyone under eighteen years of age—shall be employed in or about a shop for more than seventy-four hours in any one week. Most firms work their young people up to this limit. Now, this means very many hours spent upon the feet, sometimes as many as ten in one day.

"Oh," someone will say, "there is in existence a Shop Seats Act, a law that orders every shopkeeper to place for his assistants seats in accessible places, so that they may sit down when not actually engaged in business." Yes; the seats are provided, but the assistants are afraid to use them. Something like this happens if they do:

The shopwalker sees a girl sitting down. He approaches her and asks: "Are you tired, miss?"

If he sees her sitting again, he will ask if she is indisposed. The third time he catches her seated during business hours he will tell her that she is ill, and must go to her room. This means that she will be discharged.

(*Continued on page* 332.)

With, and Without, the Limelight.

Actors and Actresses photographed as they enter the stage door at Daly's Theatre, and again as they appear on the stage in the new successful musical play "The Merveilleuses."

Photos, Play Pictorial, Dover Street Studios, and "P.I.P." Special.

"P.I.P." PLAYGOER.

Every good playgoer naturally regards the Gilbert and Sullivan Operas as perhaps the most important contribution to the British drama made for a generation, and, in view of the revival of these operas at the Savoy Theatre, the O.P. Club have deemed it appropriate and fitting to celebrate this revival, and thereby pay a small tribute of admiration to the works of Mr. W. S. Gilbert and the late Sir Arthur Sullivan. It has been decided the celebration shall take the shape of a dinner, given by the O.P. Club at the Criterion, on Sunday, December 30th. The President, Mr. Sidney Dark, will be in the chair, and Mr. W. S. Gilbert has very kindly accepted the invitation to be the guest of the evening. Invitations have also been issued to many Savoyards who created the leading characters in the operas, among whom may be mentioned Miss Rosina Brandram, Miss Jessie Bond (Mrs. Ransome), Miss Julia Gwynne (Mrs. George Edwardes), Miss Leonora Braham, Miss Geraldine Ulmar, Miss Henri, Miss Fortescue, Miss Decima Moore, Miss Ruth Vincent, Miss Isabel Jay; Messrs. George Grossmith, Rutland Barrington, Richard Temple, Durward Lely, W. H. Denny, Courtice Pounds, Hy. A. Lytton, Walter Passmore, Frank Thornton, Charles Manners, and Sir George Power. It is also hoped that Mr. George Edwardes, as an ex-Savoyard acting manager, may be present. As a reunion of Savoyards the function should prove both remarkable and interesting, and form one of the most unique and successful functions that have taken place under the auspices of the O.P. Club.

Mme. Alice Esty at the Leeds Empire.

Mme. Alice Esty has at last listened to the blandishments of the variety theatre managers, and will appear on December 17th, at the Leeds Empire in a new grand operatic scena, written and composed especially for her, entitled "Betta the Gipsy." Libretto by Edward Waltyere, music by Signor Emilie Pizzi, supported by eminent artists, full chorus and grand orchestra.

For years Mme. Esty has consistently refused to sing in a variety theatre, but Miss Marie Tempest's recent appearance at the Palace, London, had as much to do with Mme. Esty changing her mind as anything else. Mme. Esty has appeared in the *rôle* of Santuzza in "Cavalleria Rusticana" over 500 times.

DON'T LOOK OLD.—With advancing years greyness increases. Stop this with LOCKYER'S SULPHUR HAIR RESTORER, which darkens to the former colour and preserves the appearance. LOCKYER'S large Bottles everywhere.—[ADVT.]

GREAT CAKES.

Currants were very largely used in the days of our great-grandmothers, when their price was treble what it is to-day. Many old-fashioned recipes specify six, eight, and even ten pounds of currants for one "great cake."

We must, however, presume that great cakes were kept for great occasions and that there was not in olden times so much of the steady, everyday use of currants in bread, cakes, puddings, and pastry as we have to-day. Indeed, there never has been a time when currants attained such a high-water mark of popularity as they have consistently held during the year 1906.

By the way, news comes to us of a little book which will prove invaluable to housewives who have a safe corner for storing printed ideas.

"Currants: A Few Tasty Recipes" is a delightful little *brochure*, which will find a permanent home in every well-ordered kitchen. Its recipes, the production of one of the cleverest cooks in the kingdom, are all quite fresh and thoroughly reliable. Further—every grocer will gladly *give* this book to his customers. At a time when Currant Cookery is the most widely popular of all domestic arts, there is sure to be a quick run upon a book of "Currant Recipes." Better secure your copy to-day.

You cannot possibly have a better Cocoa than

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

COCOA

You will find it the very Cocoa you want.

LADIES.—BEWARE!

FROST, COLD WINDS, and HARD WATER will soon spoil your

SKIN AND COMPLEXION.

"BEETHAM'S Reg'd Larola"

is, however, a Sure Safeguard against their ill effects. A little used after washing will

KEEP THE SKIN SOFT AND SMOOTH ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

Bottles 1s., 2s. 6d., of all Chemists and Stores.

M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM.

Your's-10/6

THIS STYLISH INDOOR COSTUME 10/6

Send your order to Noble's to-day. Your money returned if this dress doesn't please you. Well cut Skirt, fully wide, side fastening and pocket. Bodice made with box pleat and fulness in front, sleeves hook and eye in at wrist. Yoke and sleeves lined. In all shades of the J. N. Cheviot Serge and Vicuna Cloth in stock sizes.

Model 1786, price 10/6, carr. 6d. extra. Skirt alone 5/6, carr. 5d.

Colours: Light and Dark Grey, Heliotrope, Fawn, Royal Brown, Crimson, Myrtle, Black, and Navy, also in Electric, Brown, Green, and Mid-Blue Heather Mixtures. Patterns post free.

Stock sizes to fit figures 34, 36, and 38 ins. round bust under arms, waists, 24, 26 and 28 ins. Skirts, 38, 40 and 42 ins. long in front. Larger sizes to measure, 2/6 extra.

This design is also made to measure, in good Black Cashmere, lined through, 23/6, and in Black alpaca, 26/9. All John Noble's garments are amply cut. They are not skimped as is often the case with imitations.

FREE.—Our New Fashion Book will interest you—and may save you pounds. Let us send you a free copy. Our lovely range of new Winter Dress Fabrics is sent post free—you'll find "exactly what you want" among this delightful assortment—and at the right price too!

JOHN NOBLE, Ltd.

38 Brook Street Mills, MANCHESTER.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

The Secret of a Perfect Figure.

HINTS FROM "GALATEA," THE LIVING STATUE AT THE PALACE THEATRE.

("P.I.P." Special.)

The striking figure in white which is at present one of the dominating features of the hoardings of London is not merely an advertisement of the most striking turn at the Palace Theatre; it is also an object-lesson in the perfection to which the human form can be brought by a series of well-ordered and well-regulated physical exercises extended over a long term. That Miss Maude Odell, La Statue Humaine, or Galatea, as she elects to be called, was originally endowed with the possibilities of a beautiful figure goes without the saying, but she has developed it to the extraordinary symmetry to which the women in the audience give the most enthusiastic expressions of delight, for, curiously enough, it is to them that this exhibition of the female form divine particularly appeals. Some idea of what that symmetry is may be obtained from the following measurements, which are made public for the first time:

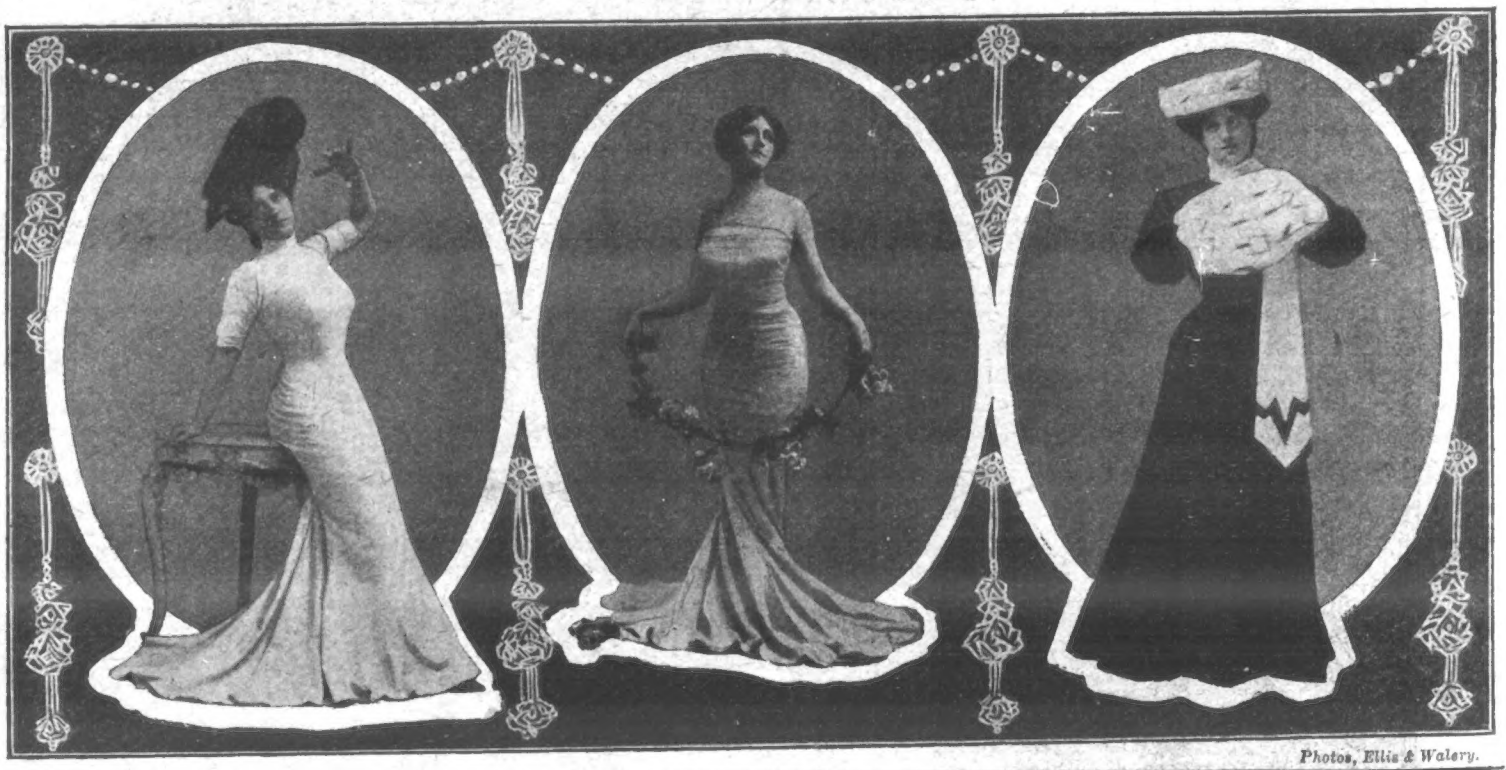
Height	5ft. 8in.
Waist	24in.
Neck	12½in.
Bust	40in.
Hips	42in.

The idea of appearing as a human statue is no sudden impulse, just as it is not "born of a morbid love of admiration," as Mr. Gilbert sang once in "Patience," for it is more than a year since Miss Odell wished to appear in this way. Circumstances, or the *res angustæ domi*, which in this case may be translated as the stern resolves of those at home, interfered with the idea, which has only within the last few weeks taken shape, to use the literal phrase.

It has been said that the course of physical training Galatea has undergone has extended over several years. It began when she was only thirteen with breathing, dumb-bells, and other exercises. They were rigorously practised for an hour every day, while later, when she began to teach, she added five or six hours' work with her pupils. The result of this work, after the first week's inevitable stiffness and soreness had worn off, has been to make her as healthy as she is beautiful. Such a thing as a headache or any of the passing ailments to which women are liable are as absolutely unknown to the "human statue" as if she were made of the marble she impersonates. This result has been obtained without any faddism in diet, for Miss Odell eats anything and everything, though she is sparing in her use of meat and of tea. So supreme is the control she has of her muscular system that she stands absolutely quiet without any adventitious support, merely by the act of willing that her muscles shall remain in the position in which she places them, thus proving the force of mind over matter. While she thinks she could stand absolutely still for ten minutes, she finds her impersonation of Musique Profane, after the statue by the French sculptor Allouard, is the most tiring, for her body is practically supported on only one leg.

In preparing for this or any of the other statues which she impersonates, Galatea carefully studies a photograph of it until she has the exact idea of the pose vividly impressed upon her mind. Then, attired in a tight bathing-dress, she places the photograph in front of a long mirror and sets herself to copy the pose with absolute exactness, the mirror enabling her to see where a single muscle is not contracted in the exact way represented by the sculptor, and to rectify it. These rehearsals completed, she knows the statue in exactly the same way as an actor knows his part, and she has no further occasion to use the photograph, which may be regarded as her book of words, for at the performance she takes up the attitudes required in a purely subconscious manner. Of all the statues, perhaps the one which she herself likes posing for best is La Verité, after the famous work of M. Jules Lefebre in the Luxembourg. The preparation for these statues is a lengthy one, occupying a good hour and a half, though it does not take as long to remove the material used for tinting the warm flesh into the semblance of cold marble.

Already the popularity of the performance has begun to bring quaint letters to Miss Odell, one of the most humorous being undoubtedly that from an old lady, who stated that from what she had read of the performance she was sure Galatea was a sister whom she had lost sight of for fifty-five years, and on the strength of that discovery expressed the pleasure it would give her to borrow a five-pound note!



Photos, Ellis & Walery.

GALATEA, "La Statue Humaine" (Miss Maude Odell), who is appearing with great success at the Palace Theatre, attributes her beautiful figure, first to beneficent nature, and second to physical training. Galatea, as Miss Odell is called, lays down a few simple rules for ladies to acquire beautiful figures. She says, "The cardinal rule is to carry the body erect," but the "Gibsonian" figure is the last she would recommend. Most women, Miss Odell has noticed, are slovenly in their carriage, and that no figure, however perfect it may be, will appear anything but dowdy unless held upright. Hold the chin high and a little out from the neck when walking. Take breathing exercise morning and evening, a few minutes with the dumb-bells, and walk a mile or so in the manner intended by nature.

Combs for the Hair.

Many pretty styles of hair dressing can be composed nowadays by a judicious use of side and back combs. A very pretty back comb, ornamented with flowers and birds picked out in gold, can be obtained for 1s. 2d., while side combs in dainty designs start at 6d. each. For the sum of 2s. a pair of side combs, engraved and studded with paste and coloured stones, look very effective in the hair. When the hair is worn low, a fancy Banette, in preparing for this or any of the price 7d., is very nice for confining it at the neck. This is also a very useful style for young girls who have not yet put their hair up, and is neater and more economical than a ribbon, which requires constant renewing to present a trim appearance.

Variety in Style.

The manner of dressing the hair should also be varied as much as possible, and it is a very good plan to change the style once in the day. Thus the hair might be dressed at the back of the head during the morning, and piled on the top of the head for the evening, or the reverse might be followed, and the hair worn high in the day time, and low in the neck for the evening. Changes of this description give the hair a rest, and prevent any serious harm resulting from artificial dressing. Many ladies save the combings of their hair, and have them made up into pads or over frames, and this is a plan strongly to be recommended, since the exact tint of the wearer's hair is matched by this means, and also she has the comfortable conviction that when all is said and done, it is her own hair which she is wearing. The cost of making up hair combings is not very great, and is undertaken by most hairdressers.

Elaborate Hair Dressing.

Pads of all sorts and sizes are being greatly requisitioned to contrive an elaborate dressing of the hair. In fact, it is almost impossible for any woman, however much she may dislike such aids, to present a fashionable appearance without them. Moreover, they enable a hat to be worn with greater elegance and comfort than when the natural hair alone is depended upon. It requires a very thick head of hair, indeed, not to be flattened under millinery of however light and airy a description, and a weighty hat will certainly crush the most carefully-arranged hair. Nevertheless, pads and frames cannot be said to exercise a beneficial influence upon the hair, since they heat the head and prevent the air freely circulating at the roots, which is indispensable to ensure a good growth of hair, and for this reason artificial padding should not be resorted to more than is actually necessary. It is also advisable to change the position of the pads as much as possible, for, if constantly placed in the one spot, the tendency is to wear the hair away and leave a bald place.

Hose for Cyclists and Sportsmen.

The "Bruce" is a very smart stocking with checked legs and pretty turnover in zig-zag pattern at 2s. 9d. per pair. The "Macdonald" at 3s. 6d. is in somewhat similar style. The "Gordon" at 1s. 9d. per pair is a heavy ribbed stocking and made like the preceding styles with thick legs and thin feet. The "Douglas" is a fine make of stocking, price 2s. 4d., while the "Wallace" at the same price is extra thick. All these makes are stocked in browns, heathers, and greys. A good strong stocking for boys is the "Denbigh," a fancy mixture ribbed knicker hose specially adapted for hard wear. The price ranges from 1s. 4d. to 2s. per pair according to size.

Prim and Proper Little Dutch Girls.

The etiquette of Holland is exceedingly strict in all classes. The young girl is most carefully chaperoned, and she never goes anywhere, even to church, unless accompanied by her parents, some male relative, or other equally trusty attendant. At a dance the parents sit round the walls sipping their coffee or wine, and the young men must make the best of their chances in the opportunities afforded by the dance, for when it pleases the guardians to depart there is no help for it but the girls must go too. An unmarried girl always takes the right arm of her escort, while the matron takes the left, perhaps because it is nearer the heart.

SHOULD WOMEN RIDE ASTRIDE?

A Fashion which is Becoming Popular in Smart Society.

"P.I.P." Special.

In country houses and in the hunting field the burning topic of the hour is the problem, "Should women ride astride?" The new fashion has many advocates amongst the aristocracy, and so rapidly is the new fashion "catching on" that it is quite possible we shall find in a few years' time that the woman who rides side-saddle is the exception instead of the rule.

Among the distinguished ladies who ride astride at present are Viscountess Castlereagh, the Duchess of Westminster, the Hon. Mrs. Fairburn, and Lady Constance Stewart Richardson.

Ever since women began to ride on horseback, many of the sex have preferred the manly way—probably at the beginning there was no choice in the matter. It is a not ungraceful posture, as our illustration shows, provided that what our contemporary calls the "ride-astride equestrian garment" is frankly worn without attempt to hide it beneath a divided skirt.

Possibly the fashion may extend to the hunting field, although most ladies who ride to hounds hold the opinion that the side-saddle is both the more comfortable and the safer way. In the United States riding astride has many adherents among the softer sex, though, curiously enough, it has not caught on in the Far West, where the most daring feminine riders are to be found.

Pittsburg society, which has been accustomed to regard leniently the vagaries of millionaires, finds itself outraged by the spectacle of a clergyman's wife, who is also a millionairess, riding astride. Mrs. Maitland Alexander, the wife of the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, rode her own horse in a steeplechase at the recent fashionable Sewickley Heights horse show, wearing divided skirts.

Before she married the pastor in the spring, she was Miss Madeline Laughlin, daughter of a pioneer of the steel industry, from whom she inherited a huge fortune. Always a daring horsewoman and generally riding astride, her habit passed without much comment so long as she exercised comparatively privately. But when she publicly entered the steeplechase she provoked the resentment of the leaders of society.

Being unable to induce any of her own circle to enter for the race, she obtained the support of a Pittsburg lady hairdresser, who, also riding astride, competed. Mrs. Alexander won, but her victory was coldly received, and she now finds herself banned by the ladies of her own set, who are also boycotting her husband's church.

We are frequently told that it is a much more *natural* position for either woman or man to ride astride, and that they can squeeze and force an unwilling or snappy horse far better than in a side-saddle, where one leg is practically useless (says a writer of an interesting article in the *Throne*). This is incontestable, and if Nature had fashioned woman with understandings of the same length and proportions as her lord and master, one of the chief objections to the cross-saddle would, we think, be removed.

The principal objections which we usually hear levelled against the side saddle are: (1) The plea of danger; (2) lack of comfort; (3) the tendency of the sideways position to give sore backs; (4) that the rider is far more independent when riding astride.

It is undoubtedly true that when falls occur a man usually is shot clearer of his horse and runs less risk of being rolled upon than a woman. We frequently hear Whyte Melville's opinion quoted—namely, "that it is at least twenty to one in our favour every time we fall, whereas with a woman the odds are all the other way, and it is almost twenty to one she must be hurt."

Woman wins a steeplechase, riding astride.

A lady in the new riding costume, photographed in Regent's Park.

Latest Creation of France's Actress Milliner: Women throughout France are talking of the new "Floral Costumes" invented and introduced by Mlle. Lise Fleuron, the popular Parisian actress. Mlle. Fleuron has been responsible for many modes, including the "Butterfly Hat" and the "Sunshade Skirt."

Herring Fritters.

Skin and fillet two smoked herrings; cut these into neat pieces, put them in a deep dish, season with pepper and lemon juice, moisten with a little oil. Prepare a thick frying batter, and after it has soaked an hour, drop in the pieces of herring, fry them in deep fat to a light brown, dish up on a folded napkin, garnish with fried parsley and serve.

Dorothy Pudding.

Ingredients: An egg, one ounce of sultanas, half an ounce of caster sugar, two ounces of clarified flour, dripping.

Whisk the egg with the sugar, then add the sultanas (carefully picked), and the dripping. Beat all for several minutes, gradually stirring in sufficient flour to thicken to a fairly solid custard. Fill some small greased moulds to within a third of the brim, twist a buttered paper over each and bake in a quick oven. Turn out and serve.

Apple Mould.

Cook two pounds of apples till soft, rub them through a sieve and add a quarter of a pound of caster sugar, beaten with the yolks of two eggs and half an ounce of gelatine, which has been previously soaked and then dissolved over the fire. Mix all thoroughly, and then add the whites of two eggs whisked to a stiff froth, and turn into a mould rinsed out in cold water. When set, turn out and serve with cream or custard.

To Sweeten Jars and Bottles.

Which retain an odour of onions, fill them with garden mould, and leave them out of doors for two or three days. When well washed, they will be fit for filling with jam, or for any other use.

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are inserted under this heading at the following rates:—
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Billiard Tables, new, second-hand and returned from hire. Complete, 50s. to £50, best make; approval, cash or credit. Illustrated catalogue post free.—Empire Billiard Co., 735 Old Kent Road, London.

Picture Post-cards, splendid variety. Send 2d. for samples and price list.—Stevenson, 6 St. German's Road, Forest Hill, London.

You can earn 1/- per hour.—Full particulars of employment, apply Y, 89 Aldersgate Street, E.C.

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Photo Post-cards of yourself, 1s. dozen. Catalogue and Samples Free.—Hackett, July Road, Liverpool, E.

The I.R.S. Golden Compound Tablets are of Priceless Value to all Ladies. They afford relief in every instance—frequently a few hours. Coated with Gold, prepared with drugs worth their weight in Gold, they are far superior to Bitter Apple, Steel, and Pennyroyal, &c., and all Similar Preparations. Prices, Post Free in Plain Wrapper, 1s. 3d. and (Treble Quantity) 2s. 9d. Direct only from the I.R.S. Co., Dept. P., 143 Stockwell Road, London.

Free Teeth.—The Free Teeth Association has been formed to supply Teeth free to the deserving poor, and to supply those of limited means and servants by small weekly payments. For further particulars see page 15 *Weekly Times and Echo*, and for forms of application apply by letter to The Free Teeth Association, 177 Westminster Bridge Rd., London, S.E.

15/- For ROOKS, PIGEONS, RABBITS

Single-Barrel, Hammerless, Breech-loading Shot Guns, converted from Government Rifles, and fitted to take the ordinary No. 12 Central Fire shot-cartridges; specially bored by an improved process for long distance shooting, 15/- each. Best quality, with self-ejecting action and pistol-grip stock, 20/-. Cartridges, 6/- 100. Double-barrel Breech-loaders from 25/-. Air Guns, 12/6. Walking Stick Guns, 11/6. Revolvers from 4/-. Send 3 stamps for Price List.
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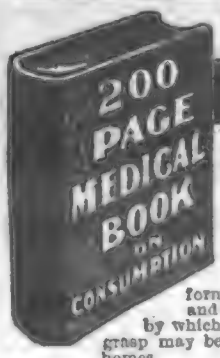

This valuable medical book tells in plain, simple language how Consumption can be cured. It tells how the presence of the disease may be detected, it describes the various forms of the complaint, and it treats of the means by which those in its deadly grasp may be cured in their own homes.

If anyone whom you know is suffering from Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh or any throat or lung trouble, or if you are yourself afflicted, send for this book at once. Even if you are in an advanced stage of the disease and feel that there is no hope, this book will show you how others have cured themselves, even after all other remedies tried had proved of no avail.

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W. COOPER, 737 OLD KENT RD., LONDON, S.E.

"The Soul Market."

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 328.)

Of course, this does not happen in all firms, but this disapproval of the girls resting during business hours is an unfortunate fact.

Most firms like their assistants to look busy, even if they are not serving customers, and often hours are spent in uselessly arranging and re-arranging the stock.

One has actually to suffer the hardships of counter-serving to be able to understand thoroughly the courage that many a poor shop-girl exhibits. Suffering pain, and weary almost to the point of sinking, she will smile and endeavour to humour an exacting, fault-finding customer—invariably one of her own sex—who seem to delight in giving all the trouble imaginable.

Legislation may provide seats, reformers may cry out against the abuses of the "living-in" system, but until the public grow more considerate and sympathetic—thus bringing about shorter hours of work for the poor counter-slaves of our large towns—very little will be done to ameliorate the hardships of their lives.

A TRAGEDY OF THE "SMART SET."

I was present at a great gathering one winter evening in a splendid house. It was a Saturday night; till three o'clock on the Lord's Day crowds of guests filled the rooms. A large apartment was arranged with card-tables, where men and women lost and won large sums of money. One room was devoted to music; in another, theatrical performances were being given. Refreshments were provided, which consisted of the choicest and costliest wines and meats and fruits.

As I was leaving this particular party in a hansom cab, a smartly-dressed girl came out. It was raining, and there seemed no other cabs in view. She asked me if I could drop her on my way home, and this I consented to do. She got into the cab.

She was a pretty girl, and I had watched her for a few minutes playing in the bridge-room. Suddenly she turned to me and abruptly said:

"Do you believe there is a God?"

"Of course I do," I said.

"Well, I don't; or, if there is a God, He doesn't seem to care much about women."

"Why do you say that?" I asked.

"Because I have lost £100 at bridge to-night, and haven't a cent to pay it with."

"Why blame God for such folly?" I said.

"Well, I often have luck. I owe a beast of a man a lot of money, and I hoped to win enough to pay him. I prayed that I might be lucky. I kept my 'lucky pig' in my pocket all the time, too, and I wore this amber cross, and prayed on it. Anyway, I've lost £100, and there'll be the devil to pay."

"You prayed to God through an amber cross and a 'lucky pig,'" I gasped. "Is that the way your mother taught you?"

"Oh, the mater's not a bad sort," the girl said. "She takes chloral and drinks Eau de Cologne, since the pater warned the tradespeople not to serve her with brandy. I get it for the poor old lady sometimes; she becomes such a wreck without something."

"Shall you tell your father about losing this money?" I asked.

She laughed.

"You wouldn't ask such a ninny sort of question if you knew the pater. He makes hell for everyone when he has to shell out money. The mater always runs bills, and about once a year there is a fearful rumpus, and pater pays what he's forced to."

"Is he very badly off?" I inquired.

"Oh, we're as poor a paupers. Pater has four thousand a year, the mater has three hundred, I have what I make at bridge, or off presents I get."

"How can you make money 'off' presents?"

Photo, View and Portrait Supply Co.

Miss Mary Bramwell Booth is a sculptor of no mean ability. She is shown modelling a bust of her grandfather, General Booth, from which casts were made and sold for the benefit of the Army.

"Oh, sell them or pawn them. I generally 'pop' them, as one can get them out for a night, if necessary, by paying a deposit, and it saves one looking stony-broke when one goes out."

The girl spoke in the calmest way of these dreadful things, and I felt an intense pity for her. I asked her what she would do about getting the money.

"Oh, God knows!" she said. "I suppose I shall have to take it from that beast."

"Does that mean that you must sell your soul for £100?" I asked horrified.

"I suppose so, unless something turns up."

"Look here!" I said desperately. "Couldn't you just drop everything and begin life somewhere else decently? You could get a post of some sort, perhaps, or you might go to some Sisterhood for a while; I know you could get a home and refuge."

The girl laughed bitterly.

"How delightful!" she said. "Fancy drudging away in dowdy clothes with some awful old dowds. No dances, no cards, no pretty clothes, no anything."

I was dumb.

"Can't you lend me the money?" she said at last.

"You see," I explained, "I have to work for the money I make, and I haven't got that sum to lend you."

"Oh, well, it doesn't matter. It will be all the same a hundred years hence. I'll get the money from that toad."

I knew instinctively the price she would be forced to pay for that loan. She was going to the market where souls are sold to the highest bidder. It seemed a fearful price to pay for fine clothes and pleasure.

SMART SET IN THE SLUMS.

A passion for gambling is rampant among a great section of working girls in London. Almost every factory has its own "starting-price bookmaker" who is established in the vicinity.

I found that on Saturdays many of the girls used to gather in groups and discuss the odds and merits of racehorses with as much eagerness as their betting brothers and fathers, and they risked with this man a far larger proportion of their hard-earned shillings than would seem credible when one realised how small a return their labour brings.

If the women of Lambeth do not wear low-necked dresses and jewels, they often go about in a petticoat and filthy blouse because they have pawned their skirts. They are often drunk and foul-mouthed.

They neglect their homes, and gossip in the streets and drink in the public-houses. There is as much immorality, as much greed, dishonesty, and vice among the poor as there is among the rich.

PRINCE'S INVENTION BANISHES MAL-DE-MER.

The above photograph shows a marvellous mechanical chair, which is said to have banished sea-sickness. It is the invention of Prince Henry of Prussia, the Kaiser's brother, and has already been extensively adopted upon many of the best German liners.

Costly Delicacies.

Under the most favourable conditions (says a writer in *The Penny Magazine*), when the crop is particularly good, truffles command, wholesale, 4s. 6d. per pound. Ordinarily they fetch double that price; and, when the crop has fallen short, as it did in 1876 and 1881, the price has advanced to as much as 25s. per pound.

The Editor to His Friends.

"Constant Reader" sends me a very clever cipher message from Colombo. He points out that the great objection to post-cards is that, although so handy and convenient, they can be read by anyone. To solve the difficulty he has made a simple cipher by taking a dictionary and re-paging it. Here is the message:

62 : 12
991 : 7
917 : 12
776 · 9
408 : 19
743 : 19

Explanation: First figures, page. The dots, first or second column. The last figures, the word required. "Constant Reader" defies any cryptographer to read the above message. Can you do it?

You will notice that this week's issue of the *Penny Illustrated Paper* contains a large number of special illustrated news-stories on interesting topics of the day. There is the page of "Particularly Interesting People," which I have lately introduced as a weekly feature; an article on "The Margate of the Ancient Romans," the page article of the Romance of Six Beautiful Women, the notes and pictures on the leading jockeys of the season, the unique arrangement of theatrical photographs, the two special articles for our lady readers on "How to Acquire a Perfect Figure," and "Should Ladies Ride Astride?" and, last, but not least, the intensely interesting revelations of Miss Christian Malvery, entitled "The Soul Market." The usual features appear, of course, in addition. Will you kindly drop me a postcard to say which of all these articles please you most? *Do it now.*

I hope very shortly to be able to give you some detailed information about the colossal Christmas number which I am now preparing for you. As usual, it will be a double number, and will be issued on December 15th. It will contain many interesting special features—of which more anon—and a larger number of full-page pictures by well-known artists and topical photographs than any other penny paper. It will be in every way a sixpenny paper for one penny, and I expect the demand for it will be more than double that of any Christmas number.

Will you please mention the matter to any of your friends who are not already readers, and try to impress upon them the fact that if they are sending Christmas numbers away to friends and relations across the seas the *Penny Illustrated Paper* is better value for the money, and will prove far more acceptable, than any other illustrated paper?

VALENTIA STEER.

Executed at His Own Command: Sergeant-Major Lizmann, of the 20th Infantry Regiment, stationed at Bremen, committed suicide by ordering fifteen of his men to take aim at his heart and fire. Lizmann called out the men for practice in execution drill, and had, unknown to them, loaded their rifles with ball cartridge. He impersonated a doomed man, and stood at fifteen paces from the firing party. He ordered them to aim at his heart, and carefully tested the level of their weapons. He corrected one man whose rifle was pointed too low. Then raising his cap he gave the order to fire, crying at the same time, "Hoch, der Kaiser." He fell dead, shot through the body in fifteen places.

PAINTED BY POSTMEN : Novel Collection of Pictures by G.P.O. Employees.

The G.P.O. Art Club, which was established in February of this year for the purpose of bringing together officers of all grades in the postal service who are interested in art, held their first exhibition at the Bungalow, Mount Pleasant Factory, Clerkenwell, recently. Seventy-three oil and water-colours were exhibited, and seventy-five black-and-white drawings or artistic photographs.

There is every possibility that, before many years, the works of the employees at the General Post Office will be found in the water-colour, if not in the larger "oil galleries" of the Royal Academy.

The G.P.O. Art Club, which was only formed in February, and which held its first exhibition in a vacant room at Mount Pleasant recently, was a revelation of the hitherto unsuspected artistic talent which is lying dormant in many busy London post-offices.

In the absence of the Postmaster-General, who was obliged to attend a Cabinet meeting, Mrs. Buxton opened the exhibition with a sympathetic little speech, and accepted a wonderfully clever souvenir catalogue, full of sketches, which had been made up in twenty-four hours.

There were 148 water-colours, oil paintings, artistic photographs, and black-and-white drawings on the walls, and many other exhibits sent by the fifty members of the club were crowded out.

A City postman, Mr. S. Hancock, contributed no fewer than eighteen paintings, some of which, particularly a little night landscape, and "A Factory Girl," were works of considerable merit.

Mr. Petheridge, a sorter, was well represented by some really dainty water-colours.

The oils and figure studies were few in number, but in colour and execution they were far above the average of amateur exhibitions.

A mail-cart driver showed two pleasing little landscapes, and a girl telegraphist some clever book-plates in black and white.

Mr. Joyce, the secretary of the club, has visions of a club with 500 members, and a big exhibition next year, when he hopes to draw latent talent from the postmen of the provinces.

The club hopes to obtain financial support to start a studio, so that the men can study with models and professional assistance. The officials of the G.P.O. are encouraging the club in every way.

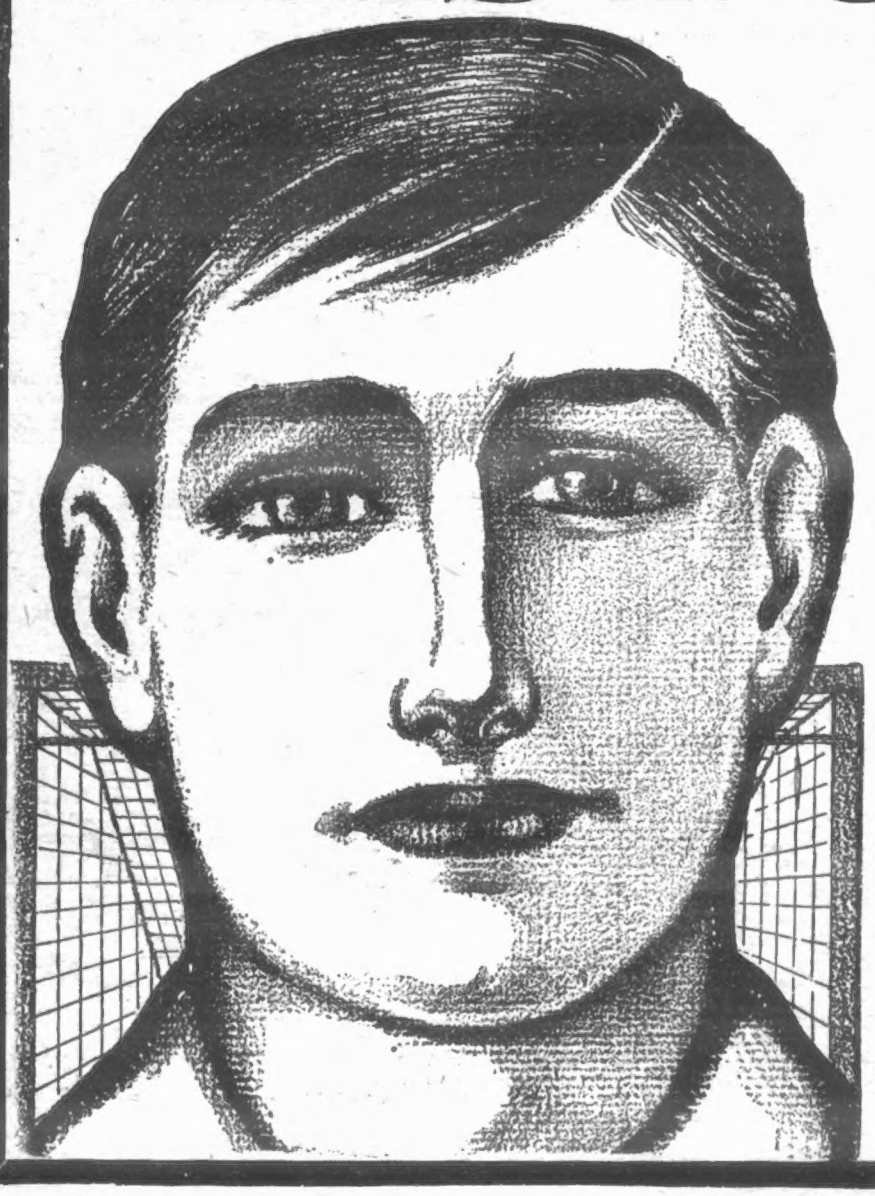
Innocent Hawkins.

There never was a man upon the Bench (says a writer in *The Penny Magazine*), who pretended more to innocence of everything relating to the Turf than Lord Brampton—Sir Henry Hawkins, as he then was. But we all knew at the time, and he has since openly confessed in his autobiography, that his one absorbing pursuit, outside the law, has always been horse-racing. There is not a better judge of a thoroughbred than this great lawyer. He knows now better than he did in the days gone by when he set up a race-horse of his own. He did not intend to race it; it was not good enough for that, but in vacations he used to enjoy riding it, until one fatal day it came down with him, and broke its knees. He sold it to a man who seemed surprisingly willing to buy, and the next thing he heard was the amazing announcement that the horse, his horse of yesterday, had won a race, beating three other horses, the chances of which had been much preferred to that of the winner. It was not until he heard that all the four horses in the race belonged to one and the same man that he understood how the seeming miracle had come about.

1. "Morning," by H. Dubery (sorter). 2. "The Quiet Harbour," by A. W. Higham (sorter). 3. "Evening," by H. Dubery.

Photos, Illustrations Bureau.

This Footballer



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THE GREAT PLOT.

- BY -

WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

CHAPTER XL.—(*Continued.*)

A Last Appeal.

"Well," he said sighing, "I regret that it should be so. And I regret this refusal of yours, for your own sake."

"For my own sake! What do you mean?" And she looked at him with some surprise, holding her skirts tightly about her as she stood beside the grand piano, facing him.

"No," he answered. "We are enemies, therefore I make no explanation. This is a time for actions, not words."

She glanced at him quickly, and he saw that she had turned a trifle paler.

"As you wish," she remarked, as though it were utterly immaterial to her.

Then, after a brief silence, he turned to her again, and in a deep, hard voice, said:

"I ask you for the last time, Dolores, whether you will withdraw this death sentence you have placed upon me."

"I have already given you my answer. I shall not interfere further," was her firm, unrelenting reply.

"Then you absolutely and flatly refuse?"

She nodded, but no word passed her thin lips.

"Very well," he said, his eyes fixed straight upon her. "This refusal of yours is to be regretted. I myself regret it—and you will, when too late. By your low cunning and clever ingenuity, you have condemned me to die. You, the pretty woman whom all Paris admires, and with whom a hundred men are in love, are at heart scheming, unscrupulous, brutal. Once I, like all the others, believed in you. I believed that, even bewildered by your success as the smartest woman in Paris, you nevertheless had a heart, and could really love. Indeed, once I believed that you loved me, but, knowing my own wrecked fortunes, I never allowed myself to reciprocate the tender passion. Alas! I now know the bitter truth. With you love is mere caprice, and because I refused to render your life and my own unhappy, you seek vengeance the most terrible that ever woman designed. I confess I cannot understand you," he declared. "To me you are an enigma, and your action in this affair is utterly incomprehensible."

She heard him with a grim smile upon her lips.

"I really cannot see any necessity for prolonging this interview," she exclaimed impatiently, her hand upon the bell.

"I will leave if you wish," he said, bowing stiffly. Then he added with a touch of earnest pleading in his voice: "Do you absolutely refuse to give me back my life?"

For answer she rang the bell, and then turned her back upon him.

"Very well," he said, in a voice quite unusual to him. "You are still defiant? Therefore, I must defend myself."

She laughed lightly, as though the idea were a capital joke.

"Adieu! Dolores," he said, in a voice low and distinct. "You have to-night proved yourself unworthy the name of woman. Laugh! Oh! yes, laugh to-night. To you, it is very amusing. You have secured the death warrant of a man who is innocent, but who has refused to worship at your shrine. Well, I regret that you refuse to withdraw, and my last words to you are that I pity you. As there is a Judge in Heaven, so will you be judged. Adieu!"

And bowing low with the old-world courtliness of manner that was one of his characteristics, he unlocked the door and left the woman's presence.

He walked as far as the Rond Point, and stood at the kerb for several minutes in hesitation.

"No," he murmured to himself—"no time must be lost. My life is at stake. I must act."

Then, with a sudden resolution, he hailed a passing fiacre and told the man to drive to the Russian Embassy, Rue de Grenelle.

Big, gloomy, and ill-lit, the ponderous mansion stands back in its wide courtyard behind a high, white-painted wall. Brilliant and gay only on evenings when His Excellency gives his grand entertainments, it is usually quiet and apparently deserted, inasmuch as the passer-by, not knowing what it was, would never dream that it was the Embassy of the Tsar, and that within was transacted a very considerable amount of important business.

At the concierge's office, Hutton inquired for General Metzeneff, but the tall janitor in the fawn uniform with scarlet waistcoat informed him that the General was seldom there, and never after three o'clock in the afternoon. When the Englishman, however, said he wished to see him on an extremely urgent matter, the concierge rather reluctantly gave his address—Avenue Kleber, 22.

To the house indicated Hutton drove without delay, and in a sumptuously-furnished flat on the third floor he was ushered into the presence of a tall, thin-faced, military-looking man with pointed white beard, General Metzeneff. He was seated beneath a shaded lamp at a big, littered writing-table.

At first, when they were closeted together, the old officer was inclined to be frigid, but when in confidence the Englishman told him the object of his visit and produced certain papers from his pocket, he became keenly interested.

What passed between the pair took place with closed doors, but after an hour the General rose to let out his visitor.

"And Madame leaves for Petersburg the day after to-morrow?" he inquired, speaking in French.

"Yes," Hutton responded.

"Very well," the other said, with great satisfaction. "The papers will be quite safe in my hands. Leave the rest to us," he added, with a smile. "We shall know how to act in the matter."

And the affable old General shook the young man's hand, thanked him warmly for calling, expressed a hope that they would meet again shortly, and bade him a hearty "bon soir."

CHAPTER XLI.

The Police are Inquisitive.

Three days had passed since Hubert Hutton had bidden adieu to Dolores Lubomirska.

The date was the eighth of September. The Tsar had arrived at Queenborough on board the Imperial yacht *Polar Star*, and was now the guest at Windsor. The papers were full of the visit, the Press, without exception, expressing a hope that the cordial relations existing between Great Britain and Russia would result in that political amalgamation which Monsieur de Staal and the Marquis of Salisbury had for so many years dreamed—an Anglo-Russian alliance. If such were formed, the *Times* pointed out, neither England nor Russia need fear any enemy. The Powers would be at once cowed, for the two greatest nations on earth would in combination rule the world. Russia would be free to extend and develop her gigantic Asiatic dominions, while England would be heedless of her neighbours, and find strength in the security of peace. The Foreign Secretary had already been down to Windsor, and with the Russian Ambassador, one of the most respected and esteemed foreign diplomats in London, had paid his obeisance to the Muscovite ruler. It was many years since a Tsar visited our shores. The Emperor, when Tsarevitch, paid a brief visit to London after his tour round the world, but it was unofficial and quite unimportant. The visit as Tsar opened up an entirely different vista in the misty void of foreign politics. Hence the papers with one accord expressed a hope that a Russian alliance would be formed to combat the ingenious machinations of the French.

About twelve o'clock on the day above named, Hubert stepped out upon the platform at Eastbourne and drove direct to the house where the Milbournes lodged. The servant informed him that both the old people were out, but that Miss Sylvia was at home with "her friend."

This friend proved, to Hubert's surprise, to be Grace Fairbairn, who, paler and with face rather more aquiline, was seated at the open window, and had apparently been engaged in deep conversation with his *fiancée*.

The meeting was scarcely a very cordial one. The hearts of all three were too oppressed for any words of gaiety, each knowing each other's secret and dreading the worst.

He briefly explained that he had only just returned to Paris, where he had been "on important business," while his love, on her part, told him how she had persuaded her mother to invite Grace to Eastbourne to bear her company. Apparently Sylvia had been sitting out on the balcony trying to occupy her time in knitting a cravat, but it had been laid aside.

"Grace knows everything," she exclaimed, after a painful silence. "We may talk before her."

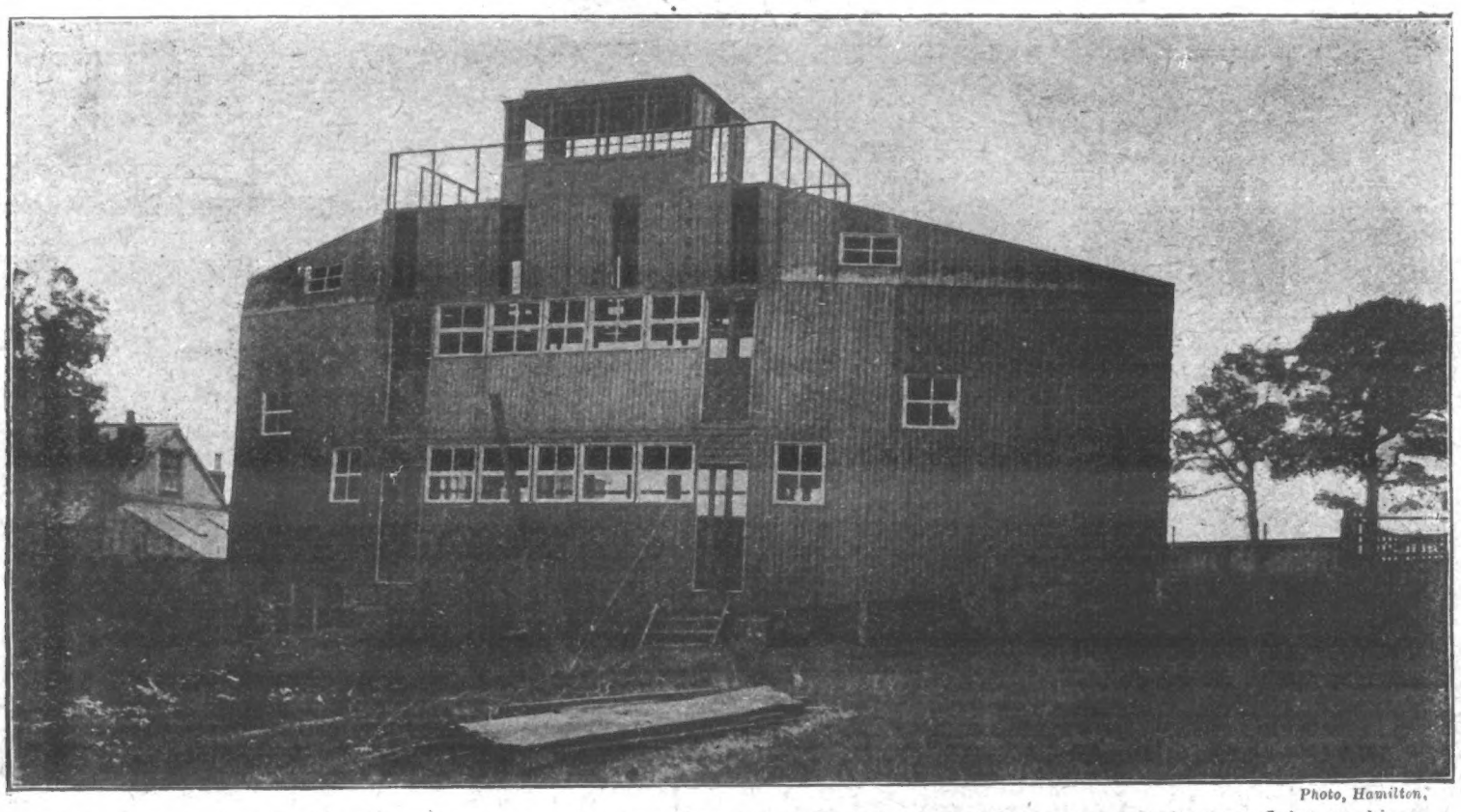
"Yes," said her companion gravely, with a sigh. "Sylvia has confided all to me. I am at an utter loss what to advise. Your enemies have done this. The Executive in Petersburg are always just, and, if the truth were known that you are no spy, the order would be at once rescinded and the false witness promptly punished."

"I think," he said, in a calm voice, "there is no necessity for the latter."

"But are you not aware that by order of the Executive you must die before midnight to-day?"

"So that I may not live to be present at the coup to be made in London to-morrow," he remarked. "Ah! it is all most ingeniously arranged. My lease of life terminates at midnight. If I am still living then it is at risk of Sylvia's life. She will be swiftly struck down for disobedience to the decree. It is terrible, Miss Fairbairn—terrible!"

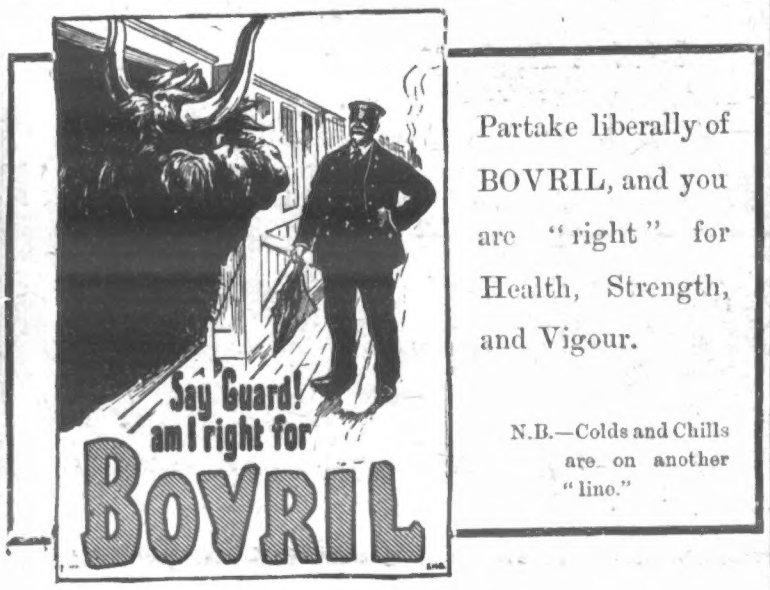
(*To be continued.*)



Photo, Hamilton.

NOT A GOLF PAVILION: This curious looking structure, which is being built in the north of London, is an immense flying machine. It will accommodate 100 passengers, is built of wood, boasts three floors, and weighs several tons.

NOVEL DEPARTURE IN SCHOOL FOOTBALL: The football team of Emanuel School, Wandsworth. During last winter an attempt was made to induce some London Public Schools to adopt Rugby football for one of the winter terms. The idea was that there is plenty of time for both Rugby and Association to be played during the winter, as it is found that, when the same game is played for two consecutive terms, interest in it is apt to flag towards the end of the season. The effort met with considerable success, the above school being among the first to fall in with the suggestion.



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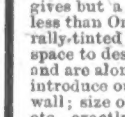

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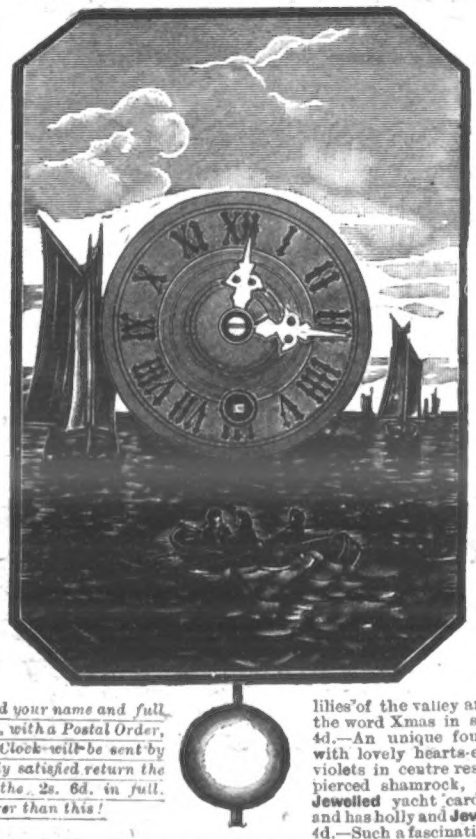

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The following is a slight description of the Pretty New Jewelled Cards:—Lovely card, with clasped hands in **Jewelled** heart, with forget-me-nots and ivy-leaf border, value 4d.—Such a pretty card, with violets and lilies of the valley and **Jewelled** fan in centre, and floral border, value 4d.—A beautiful and novel-shaped card with **Jewelled** basket overflowing with holly in centre and cut out and **Jewelled** horseshoe and holly-border, value 4d.—Another sparkling **Jewelled** basket holding a profusion of lovely violets, and having a shamrock border of sweetly pretty design, value 4d.—An eye-pleasing **Jewelled** ship loaded with sweet lilies of the valley and with floral border and the word Xmas in sparkling **Jewelling**, value 4d.—An unique four-leaved shamrock card, with lovely hearts-ease border and spray of violets in centre resting on the **Jewelled** and pierced shamrock, value 4d. Pretty little **Jewelled** yacht card, burdened with flowers, and has holly and **Jewelled** anchor border, value 4d.—Such a fascinating **Jewelled** slipper design card, with bunch of mistletoe inside and cut out **Jewelled** hearts and ivy-leaf border, value 4d.—A forget-me-not and sparkling **Jewelled** flower-laden motor-car card, with sweet floral border and cut out and **Jewelled** wishes, value 4d.—Pretty and choice card of **Jewelled** and flower-decked bells and violet-sprayed border of exquisite design, value 4d.—The "Lucky Horseshoe" card, with **Jewelled** ivy leaves and wording, and ivy leaf and floral border, value 4d.—The last, but by no means least, of these new and handsomely Jewelled cards has a shamrock heart with **Jewelled** pansies and wording, and entwined floral border of the most taking description, value 4d. The quality, colourings, and finish of all the Cards leave nothing to be desired. The above gives but a slight idea of their beauty and attractiveness; and, furthermore, we will **Give Free of Charge** no less than One Dozen Choice Booklet-shaped Xmas Cards, value 2d. each, prettily adorned with views or naturally-tinted favourite flowers, and each one is artistically finished with a bow of real silk ribbon. There is not space to describe them here, but they are guaranteed equally as choice and pleasing as those described above, and are alone worth 2s.; so it will at once be seen we offer many times the value of the amount charged to introduce our Catalogue. The **Gift Picture Clock** is warranted a perfect timekeeper (not a toy) to hang on the wall; size of face, 6 by 4in., artistically finished in six colours, with attractive Scene of Sea, Fishing Boats, etc., exactly as illustrated. Needs winding once daily; brass works, pendulum, and key, all complete, and pronounced by all who see it as a **Little Marvel**, and really a **Picture** and **Clock** combined. Send 2s. 6d. to-day (2s. for the Parcel and 6d. for box, packing, and postage of Free Gifts) and be delighted; or send letter or post-card only for our **GRATIS AND POST FREE ILLUSTRATED XMAS CATALOGUE**, as the bargains therein shown in Xmas Cards and Presents for "Grown-ups" and the "Little Ones" cannot be obtained except by post from us. Address all letters—

PAIN BROS., Dept. 12 N, Presents House, HASTINGS (ENG.).

HAVE YOU CATARRH?

An insidious and dangerous disease affecting the nose, throat, ears, and breathing passages.

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

Kills the Germs of Catarrh.

Mr. VENO'S reputation as a specialist is so well known that what he says will command attention from all thoughtful readers. He has studied catarrh and all its ramifications more closely than any other disease. There are few cases, indeed, that he fails to cure. His success is of that high order that can only be obtained by close application and exceptional facilities for its study and treatment.

HE SAYS:—

"Catarrh being a progressive disease, a thorough constitutional treatment is necessary as a fundamental requisite for its permanent cure. A remedy is required to relieve the inflammation and restore the mucous membrane of the nose, throat, bronchi, and air cells of the lungs to its natural and normal condition.

"VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE is the remedy that will accomplish this with great efficiency. I have never known a remedy to act so quickly or to meet the requirements so exactly. It has a special affinity for the mucous surface, and reaches the air passages of the head and lungs by means of the circulation. You will begin to breathe freely through the nose, your head will feel clear, the Irritation will subside, the hawking and coughing will be stopped, because the vile catarrhal poison is being conquered, and the germs destroyed. The next consideration is to purify the blood, and clear the system of all the poisonous matter which accumulates in the stomach and intestines, and often affects the kidneys and bladder. The remedy required for this is VENO'S SEAWEED TONIC, and for all-round potency its equal does not exist. This combined treatment is ABSOLUTELY ESSENTIAL if catarrh is to be thoroughly and permanently cured. It forms the most effective local and constitutional treatment it is possible to offer. I guarantee it with every confidence, and stand prepared to pay back the cost of the medicine if a failure should occur in any case of CHRONIC CATARRH, CATARRHAL BRONCHITIS, OR CATARRHAL ASTHMA."

ASK FOR

Veno's Lightning Cough Cure.

Price 9½d., 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d., at Chemists and Drug Stores Everywhere.

A GRAND BLOOD TONIC

"WINCARNIS"

A GRAND HEART TONIC

A SPLENDID RESTORATIVE FOR BUSINESS MEN AND WOMEN.

To Keep Up Bodily Stamina.

To those who are candidates for health, it is well to know that "Wincarnis" is neither physic nor purgative, but simply a natural restorative tonic to prevent disease, but not to cure it.

You will never live to a ripe old age without you keep yourself in the best of health and strength, and this problem concerns your well-being far more than the cures.

"What must we do?" is that which calls for answer. Keep the bodily stamina "up to par," maintain the vigour of the system at its maximum, increase the circulation of the blood and strengthen the nerves.

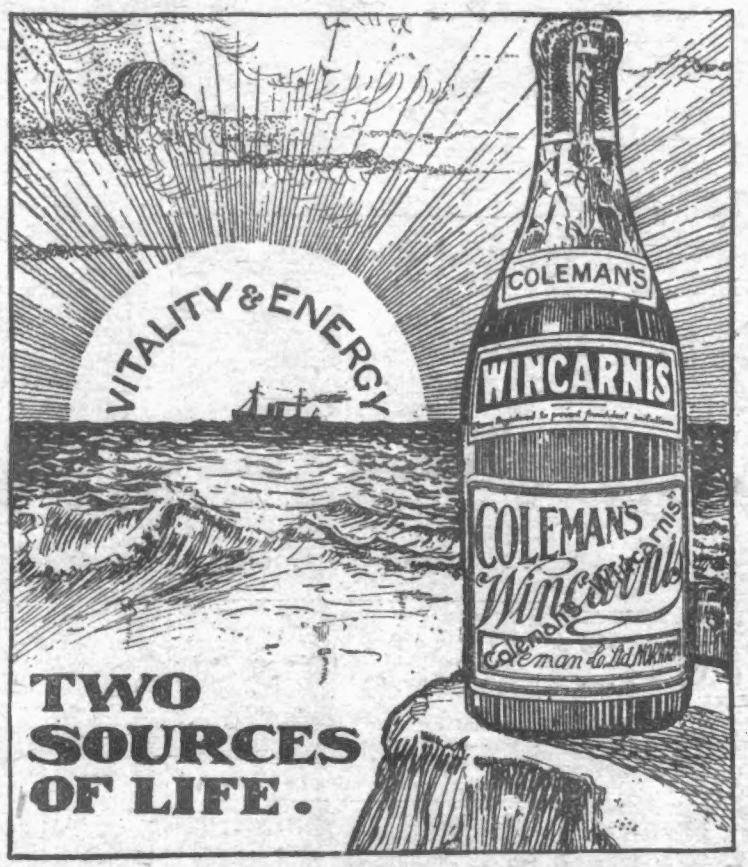
The medical faculty instinctively turn to "Wincarnis" for assistance when patients are worn out and exhausted by a painful, lingering illness.

But to the general public, the question might be raised with advantage, "Why wait until you are on a bed of sickness before you try to put the human machine in order?"

Why not commence the good work at once? It is all very simple. You can obtain a sample bottle of "Wincarnis" free of charge if you send in the coupon below, with three penny stamps to pay the cost of carriage.

Remember that anæmia, nervous debility, sleeplessness, palpitation, headache, loss of appetite, and that tired feeling which culminates in complete exhaustion are all the danger signals of premature decay, but may all be counteracted by a course of Coleman's "Wincarnis," the restorative.

"Wincarnis" does not claim to cure diseases, but simply to so strengthen the system as to enable the patient to overcome ailment. Nature, reinforced by "Wincarnis," will battle bravely for supremacy, and in a short time the sick and convalescent will be restored to health and strength.



Thousands of Testimonials.

Amersham, Lymington Avenue,
Leigh-on-Sea, Essex, Oct. 2nd, 1906.

Gentlemen,—I have much sincere pleasure in stating that I have partaken of your "Wincarnis" for a considerable time past, and have always found it a most refreshing and rejuvenating tonic after continuous and severe mental strain. It has, indeed, infused new life and vitality into me when wearied and worn out by brain stress, and it may interest you to know that I always keep a bottle of "Wincarnis" in my study, and would never now be without it.—Yours very truly,

C. A. MANNING-PRESS
(Author of County Illustrated Works).

August 22nd, 1906.

Gentlemen,—Certain patients of mine who had developed Anæmic Symptoms have latterly been using your "Wincarnis" with highly satisfactory results; indeed, their improvement has been so marked and continuous that I think it only right to acquaint you with this evidence of the fortifying and recuperative efficacy of your excellent restorative.—Yours faithfully,

H. P. ——, M.B., F.R.C.S.

SAMPLE BOTTLE GRATIS.

SIGN THIS COUPON
TO OBTAIN "WINCARNIS" FREE OF CHARGE.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

P.I.P., Nov. 24, 1906.

NOTE.—Any applicant is entitled to one free sample bottle of "Wincarnis," provided three penny stamps are sent in with this Coupon to pay the cost of carriage. Address to Coleman & Co., Ltd. Wincarnis Works, Norwich, marking envelope "Coupon."

☛ TO GAIN STRENGTH SEND THE COUPON TO COLEMAN & CO. LTD., WINCARNIS WORKS, NORWICH.

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SIXPENCE.

The word which best describes the grand enlarged Christmas Number of THE ROYAL is

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There is something for everybody about everything.

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There are a dozen of them.

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You can count them by the score in the Xmas ROYAL.

Then there are some really ripping special features. What do you think of these?

FIRSTLY:—"The Most Sanguinary Battle of Modern Times."
The dramatic story of "THE BATTLE OF PLEVNA," by Captain von Herbert, who fought on the Turkish side, and one of the most thrilling stories we have ever published.

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If you want really to laugh—no half measures, no sickly smiles—just turn to the pictures by Lawson Wood, the famous funny man. All his best work will be found in the Xmas ROYAL.

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Red Riding Hood has been turned into a play. Your kiddies can act it, or you can read it to them. Either way it will just delight the hearts of all children at Xmas time.

FOURTHLY:—The Sad Story of a Henpecked Husband.
It really isn't sad, because all ends happily, and in parts is actually funny, because it tells the amusing adventures of a poor husband who is ordered to buy an Xmas goose, but forgets to do so till he has spent all his money.

FIFTHLY, SIXTHLY,—and FINALLY:—
Every inch of every page of THE XMAS ROYAL is like the Xmas pudding, just packed with literary and artistic plums.

You CAN'T be happy without it.

6 Samples for 6d.

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Preparations.

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1 Tube White "Vaseline."
1 Tube Capsicum "Vaseline."
1 Tube Pomade "Vaseline."
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